

# TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

Vol 12, No. 2

(The Sheppard Publishing Co., Limited, Props.)  
Office—26 Adelaide Street West.

TORONTO, CANADA, NOV. 26, 1898.

Single Copies, 5c.  
Per Annum (in advance), \$2. Whole No. 574

## Things in General.

NAPANEE is crowded this week with visitors anxious to hear the Ponton trial, to see the prisoners, the distinguished lawyers and the detectives. We seldom pause to consider that judges in Canada arouse very little of that public curiosity that is so active in regard to leading criminal lawyers and astute detectives. The excellent reputation enjoyed by our judiciary, the confidence inspired in the people by years of clean-handed justice is such that the mass of people, even in a *cause celebre* like this Napanee robbery, never pause to ask who is to sit on the bench or to suggest that a choice of judge could make any difference whatever. When we stop to think of it, it should be a source of much satisfaction to us that in a case like this, where so much of Ponton's life is at stake on one side, and so much of the Dominion Bank's money is involved on the other, people scarcely know or bother to enquire just which of our judges is to try the case. We have grown so accustomed to taking the absolute probity of all our judges for granted, that we do not, perhaps, assess this blessing at its full value. It must be added that our judges, not being elective, do not require the kind offices of the press to announce their wisdom, their virtue, their astuteness. They do not need to advertise. They resent criticism and can afford to dispense with praise. They stand, almost alone among Canadian human creatures, superior to the resentment of the press and independent of its favor. It is a state nearly beatific, surely. To be powerful without being maligned, libelled and cartooned; to arbitrate great issues and yet escape the charge of having been bought; to have even one's natural frailties lost in a complete hush of respect—what could be better in all this mad, modern earth?

As regards the Napanee robbery we shall probably soon know the truth. Unless the prosecution has gathered much new evidence it does not at all seem likely that young Ponton will be convicted. Juries are composed of average men, and the average man does not believe Ponton guilty on the evidence brought out at the preliminary trial, including Pare's "confession." I am told, however, that Detective Greer has been saying that the prosecution will bring in a lot of new evidence. This paper has taken an interest in the case from the first with the object of asisting in preventing private and irresponsible detectives, hired by private and interested persons, from using the machinery of justice and the prestige of the Crown to attain ends that might have more to do with money than with justice. The case seemed to present this danger. People do not take kindly to either private or imported detectives, and were only reassured when Provincial Detective Greer was put on the case, late as it was. Within the past month two or three different private detectives who have been operating in and about Toronto have been put out of business—one is in Kingston penitentiary, another is reported to have disappeared, and a third was arrested on Tuesday charged with shop-lifting on a large scale. These occurrences seem to support the contention that detectives should be responsible officials working under the direction of the Crown. Otherwise all manner of blackmail might soon begin to flourish.

MR. HALL CAINE appears to stir people with whom he comes in contact. Those who meet him seem to either like or dislike him very heartily, and it has interested me to notice this among those who fell in the novelist's way during his visit to Toronto last week. His ego demands recognition—you must be with him or against him. In the ranks of the latter may be numbered a Canadian who frequently visits Europe, and who states that a couple of years ago he crossed the Atlantic on a boat with Rudyard Kipling and his family. All efforts to make Kipling the lion of the journey signally failed, because that author simply would not stalk and tower at all, but amused his family and enjoyed himself as if his brains and his fame were packed in trunks in the hold and sealed "not for use on voyage." The same traveler crossed to New York with Mr. Hall Caine and says that the author of *The Christian*, at the very least, failed to resent the daily gatherings of admirers around him. Mr. Caine inspired resentment in this man. It is well known that Hall Caine comes in for a great deal of adverse criticism from fellow-authors in London—none other endures half as much—but his admirers explain this by saying that his practical successes breed envy among his rivals. It is quite hopeless to argue with man or woman who has once taken ground for or against Hall Caine, and I content myself with saying that he leaves small interminable wars behind him wherever he goes.

THE less newspapers and individuals interfere with the appointment of those who are to permanently serve the public, the better, but the conduct of trustees who endeavor to import school teachers from outside towns to earn the taxes paid by the citizens of Toronto should not pass without criticism. Few cities spend money so liberally for educational purposes as Toronto does, and while we have hundreds of capable teachers who are graduates of our own schools, out of employment, it certainly seems preposterous that girls without superior training should be brought from outside places to take the situations for which so many native-born and highly educated Torontonians have been waiting. It is to be hoped that the recent fight over a question of this sort in the School Board will never be repeated. This city not only pays a big tax for educating its own youngsters, but in thousands of cases it educates outsiders who reside with relatives in the city and pay no fee. Surely we cannot be called selfish when we insist that the trustees consider our educational system sufficiently good to evolve teachers able to occupy all the positions in our Public schools.

TALKING with a banker the other day, I was told that the banks feel that it is in their own interest to keep their notes clean. The longer a bank note is in circulation the greater profit its makers obtain. For instance, a man makes a note without interest and gets a friend or acquaintance to accept it. Every day that elapses from the time of the making of that note until its payment is demanded, is a profit to the maker of it to the extent of the interest that money is worth. For this reason the banks try to keep their currency in the best possible shape, for it is now recognized that the dirtiest bills are the ones which are always deposited in the banks and consequently go out of circulation, while the clean and attractive bills remain longest in the hands of those to whom they are paid. In order to keep the bills in an attractive condition, many, if not all, of the banks frequently have all the soiled ones of their own issue picked out and burned. My friend tells me that the selection of these soiled notes from the great bundles of bills which come in, is a disagreeable task, and that the odor which permeates the banking house while the dirty bills are

being separated from the clean ones is so distinct that perfumery or a disinfectant is generally used to neutralize it. Before the dirty bills can be burned their numbers and denominations must be submitted to the directors, and in the head office of the bank where my informant is employed, the weekly offerings of paper to the fire often amount to face values of from one to two hundred thousand dollars.

With the Dominion Government, which monopolizes the issue of the smaller notes, there is no necessity of cleanliness, except such as public opinion demands. At the present time the circulation of bank notes and Dominion bills is probably as great as ever before in the history of Canada, and indicates an activity which is very desirable. The amount of new Dominion paper which is in circulation is also noticeable, and I am told that before very long the banks, the Receiver and the Deputy Receiver-General will do everything possible to keep the Dominion currency in first-class condition. No amount of care can prevent some notes becoming soiled and ragged, but if these are always retained and cancelled when they get into the bank or Receiver-General's office, we shall soon have a clean currency. The Bank of England never re-issues a note, yet some of its bills are occasionally found in a very dilapidated condition.

By the way, while on this subject it might be well to remark that the dark Dominion of Canada one-dollar note, bearing the portraits of Lord and Lady Aberdeen, is unpopular because it is hard to tell its denomination in an indistinct light, particularly after it has become a trifle soiled.

An odd thing in the issue of bank bills is to be seen in some of the Latin-American republics, where paper notes are issued for values as low as five cents and as large as a hundred thousand dollars. In some places the system is followed of increasing the size of the note according to its value. The piece of paper which is worth in gold a couple of cents is not much bigger than a couple of postage stamps, while the one which calls for fifty or a hundred dollars is as big as an ordinary calendar, and

that he obtains a position in the Government or becomes the head of an administration. He is no better nor worse than his neighbors. The methods he employs are those which he presumes are most likely to hold his following together. Without doubt some of these methods are very mean and narrow and tend to a further demoralization of the political tone of the community, but it has long been evident that those who do not employ these methods are failures, and that those who do employ them are most successful. Success is the standard, even if morals have to be forgotten. The people can change this at any time, but it will not be changed until the people have been changed. It is rubbish for newspapers to talk wildly about the immorality, perfidy and villainy of a government which does exactly as governments have always been permitted to do, while they defend similar conduct when it is that of their friends, and extol their own leaders when their trickery is successful.

If we only take time to consider we should all doubtless feel ashamed of what we have done, and are doing, and are liable to do in politics, and the man has the most reason to feel ashamed who has unquestioningly worn a party name from the time he obtained the privilege of voting, and intends to wear it until death deprives him of any share in human affairs. The so-called independent, the floater, the purchasable voter, may cover his proceedings with a hollow pretense of virtue, but the real influence in politics is the man who is anxious to do right and to see right done, irrespective of party names and regardless of party cries and the bitter criticism which follows a change of political attitude.

The appointment of Mr. Garrow as a Minister without portfolio is doubtless intended to influence the election in West Huron. I see no unusual manifestation of political wickedness in this move of the Hardy Government. Canadian administrations have always done all they could do to influence constituencies. There never has been a time when promises and speeches have not been made by Cabinet Ministers in by-

likely to govern. Everyone knows that his neighbor will vote selfishly; everyone knows that the Government will govern selfishly; everyone knows that the Government will manipulate things selfishly, will bring on elections at a time that they are most likely to carry the constituencies—that they will if possible so influence the constituencies that their candidate shall be elected. It is much better to look at the thing honestly than to talk or write a lot of hifalutin which can only make us ridiculous or further spread the abominable habit of excusing a policy by lying, pretenses and pharisaism. For my part I cannot see, with public opinion in its present condition, how we can judge a Government by anything except its conduct in the general administration of public affairs, or an Opposition by anything except its apparent ability to govern and the propositions which it makes for conducting affairs if it obtains power. The great rugged sense of this country, which is just as selfish as a government can be, or an individual can be, demands a good service from those to whom are given the reins of power. If this rugged sense, selfish as it may be, slow to assert itself as it may be, is not the real power which governs the country, then we may as well be content with being governed by one set of rogues as by another, or by one set of fools as by another. If the foundation of the Government is not based on the self-interest of the governed, one may be sure it is not based upon anything more permanent or reliable, and we may as well remember this when we are discussing the matter.

If Mr. Hardy can show himself to be more capable as a manipulator in the constituencies, in the assembly and in the management of affairs, than Mr. Whitney, he will remain where he is; and if Mr. Whitney can prove himself to be cleaner-handed and yet a better manipulator, and liable to become a better Premier, he will get the job. The electors of Ontario are the board of examiners, and they are liable to appoint men who will make them the most money, and no matter what intervening influences there may be, the examiners will consider their own private interests as being superior to anything else.



Native Bride and Groom.



Bridesmaids with Presents.

## A BRIDAL PARTY IN GUATEMALA.

These portraits are reproduced from a story of Guatemala in SATURDAY NIGHT'S CHRISTMAS. In the same book there are portraits of seventeen of the leading brides of the year 1898 in Toronto, beautifully grouped in pen and ink tracery.

the rarely seen thousand-dollar bill is almost big enough to make a suit of clothes. It is presumed that the sense of touch will enable the illiterate to judge of the value of the bill, but there is no necessity for such a condition. No man who is accustomed to handle money even infrequently, no matter how illiterate he is, can be fooled if the numeral indicating the denomination of a note is distinct. Many people are color-blind, and many forget that the picture on the bill is different in various denominations, but everybody knows a big distinct number which shines out both on the back and the front. The present Government in making the first postage stamps made the same mistake as was made in the issue of the bills, in presuming too much on the color and taking too little pains with the numeral. It is the duty—and pleasure no doubt—of both the Finance Minister and the Postmaster-General to make it as easy as possible for people to distinguish the value of everything issued from their departments, and no aesthetic tendency should prevent the greatest possible distinctness. While in many respects the new bills and stamps are more artistic than the old ones, it cannot but be admitted that they are less legible.

THE recent and distinctly acrimonious discussion of the methods employed by the Ontario Government in the by-elections, is not likely to clear the political air of corruption or make detestable those selfish methods which are employed alike by individuals, corporations and governments. To detect sin when selfish methods are being employed to our detriment, is no sign of either a virtuous life or a change of heart. To discuss from an exalted pulpit the sins of our opponents is certain to make cynics of our friends and to excite ridicule amongst those who know that lack of opportunity is all that prevents the political preacher from outsinning the worst sinners. When the electors of a country decide that evil methods are deplorable and tend to the debasement of the franchise, then evil methods will be abolished, or at least used less frequently. We may as well admit that Canada is no better than other countries and that voters generally are influenced by party prejudices, held together by unreasonable political habits, and coerced or coerced by the least presentable of those who force themselves into sight. A certain but, it is to be hoped, a small percentage of the electors are looking for money. A much larger percentage are looking for office, small or large according to their ideas of their own strength. The electorate permits to come to the surface, occasionally forces to the surface, a man who is so strongly imbued with the ideas, habits and morals which control the community,

elections. Hon. Mr. Hardy has made Mr. Garrow a member of his Cabinet; he has done nothing but what he had a perfect right to do. If Mr. Garrow is weak, Mr. Hardy has weakened himself by taking the candidate into partnership, and the people will have a chance to tell Mr. Hardy so when they vote. The widely accepted idea that making Mr. Garrow a Cabinet Minister will influence the voters of West Huron, is no doubt founded upon the experience of those making the charge, that the electors are considerably controlled by the selfish notion that a member of the Administration can favor their locality much more than an Opposition member could possibly do. This notion is probably correct, and if it is proven correct in the instance before us we can hardly blame the Government, though we may see no reason to commend the electors. Politics and diplomacy all over the world mean compromises. Necessity knows no law, and churches and individuals are continually being forced to accept what they would prefer to change. If we have arrived at that point in Ontario when this sort of thing is distasteful, and if the electors of West Huron are proper examples of the whole electorate, Mr. Garrow will be beaten and swift retribution will overtake the Hardy Administration. If, on the other hand, West Huron is pleased to have a Cabinet Minister, and endorses the action of the Government and elects Mr. Garrow, it will only be an evidence that the Hardy Administration thoroughly understands the electorate and was quite justified in doing as it has done. What good would come of defeating a government which does such things, when the electorate would insist on their successors doing the same things or worse ones? Spending money in by-elections or in elections is bad business, but so long as people do it and forgive or approve those who do it, money will be spent. All this being true, we must judge as to the advisability of turning out a government, not by the methods which the people force upon them, but by the general administration which brings prosperity or poverty to the province or nation. Canadian elections have really been run on this basis. Trickery of all sorts, including gerrymanders, has been condoned, but no government has been permitted to exist for any great length of time which has not done fairly well for the people. The majority of the electors consider it as a question of the ins and outs, and at heart they care very little who gets in or who gets turned out so long as the country is prosperous, so long as the laws enacted are just, so long as taxes are not high and their individual profits are not lessened.

While we act in this purely selfish manner, why should we further debate public morals by a pretense of having high ideals? Everyone knows that the idealist is not governing, nor is he

local historian with the idea that the people who can tell of the pioneer days are fast passing away, that their traditions should be preserved, that their history is worth preserving, and that the generation now living has a right to be proud of those who fought the early battles and gave Canada a stock of which no country could possibly be ashamed. While this is a new country and family pedigrees are not much paraded, yet, as Dr. Holmes said, all things being equal it is preferable to have either as a friend or a servant one who had a grandfather. Those now living who had grandfathers of the stock such as is described in the book under review, should, if they do not, take a natural pride in the class of people from whom they sprung.

The history of these pioneers gave me a long evening's reading. The simple and unostentatious style of the writer was perfectly adapted to the recital, and I confess to having had to wipe my spectacles more than once, so well told were some of the beautiful things that the women of those days did. One can hear the howl of the wolf, and feel the pangs of hunger and the agonies of loneliness, and something approaching to hopelessness, that these pioneers felt who were the log-cabin builders of the Long Point settlement of 1795-6-7. No family can be singled out as more deserving to be used as an illustration than another, but one remarkable instance may be quoted from the chapter which is called *A Double Quartette*. Four sons of a U. E. Loyalist of New Jersey, named Jabez Culver, married four daughters of another New Jersey U. E. Loyalist, whose name was Timothy Culver. Three of these families walked from New Jersey to what was once known as the Culver Plains; the other man and woman married a few years later. Their descendants are a very numerous and respectable people. The story of their struggles, privations, the careers of some of them who were preachers, all of them seeming to have had considerable religious enthusiasm, is very interesting, as the union of two families of second cousins is unusual. The settling of many other people, whose names are equally well known, is invested with an interest that one usually does not find in the reminiscent rubbish of people who desire to magnify small things. The first camp of the earliest settler, one of the Culver families, is described as thrillingly as a novelist could paint his best pen-picture, yet the whole thing is simple, the matter bears the impress of not having been purchased, and altogether Mr. Owen's book should be recognized as adding largely to the historical facts which are being preserved in many localities in order to some time make up the real history of Canada.

We are very much gratified by the hearty reception this year

SATURDAY NIGHT'S CHRISTMAS NUMBER IS NOW ON SALE EVERYWHERE.



accorded to SATURDAY NIGHT'S CHRISTMAS NUMBER. Although the book has only been on sale for a few days, it is already evident that the entire edition will be sold out before Christmas. Every year we issue a Christmas Number, whether the last one made a profit, barely paid its way, or resulted in a loss, because we think that the holiday season should be marked in this way by a paper occupying the field that ours fills. Until we began it, foreign holiday publications held the field in Canada. Now many of our newspapers try occasional experiments in this line. It is therefore gratifying, as we have said, to find our Christmas Number so cordially received, not only in Toronto, but in other cities and towns all over the Dominion.

### Social and Personal.

Queen's Park was alive with carriages on last Tuesday afternoon, though the rain poured incessantly and the fog settled down in its dismal way about three o'clock. The *raison d'être* of the activity of the *beau monde* was to be found in the fact that two prominent and popular hostesses were at home from five to seven o'clock. The November tea will not be drowned by ever such floods of water, and no one would have imagined that desolation, darkness and mud were holding sway outdoors if they had been fortunate enough to be of the bidden crowds who flitted through the corridors, or wedged themselves into the dining-room of Mrs. Strath's handsome home. The Italians played brightly upon the landing which divides the wide stair into two flights. In the large hall tea was served on a couple of tables, and a beautifully decorated buffet in the dining-room was plentifully set with light and dainty refreshments, ices and "cup." Mrs. Strath, in a gray toilette relieved with white, received in the drawing-room, with her charming guest, Mrs. Russell, who has been for some weeks a prized visitor in town, and was looking very well in a pretty white frock at this tea. A very large number of ladies and gentlemen were present. Bright and handsome Miss Ada Hart was the proud *chaperone* of a beautiful Halifax girl, Miss Harrison, who is fiancée of Mr. George Hart, now in town on a visit. Mr. Hart is welcomed by many friends. Mr. and Miss Marion Laidlaw, Mrs. and Miss Davidson, Mrs. Creelman and Miss Jennings, Mr. Bernard Jennings, Mr. Albert Nordheimer, Mrs. Somerville, Mr. Arthur Somerville, Mrs. and Miss McArthur, Mrs. Alfred Cameron, Mrs. A. W. Ross, Dr. and Mrs. Garratt, Mr. and Mrs. Willie Goulding, Mr. Alec Creelman, Mr. De Lisle, Mrs. Mortimer Clark, Mr. Albert Gooderham, Mr. and Mrs. Roaf, Mrs. W. S. and Miss Lee, Miss Dallas, Judge and Mrs. Falconbridge, Miss Falconbridge, the Misses Wright, Mr. and Mrs. George, Miss Strath, Mrs. J. Mackenzie, and Mr. Archibald were amongst the guests.

For many years the St. Andrew Society's ball has held the leading position among the social events of Toronto, and that by which St. Andrew's Day will be celebrated this year on November 30 will be worthy of the long list of social triumphs of past years. Never before has greater interest been taken by prominent society people in the event, and never before has the committee of management been at greater pains to make the function a complete success. The company will be thoroughly representative of Toronto society. The music will be of the very first quality and the dance programme has been prepared with every care possible and will be charming. The honorary committee consists of: His Honor Sir Oliver Mowat, Lieutenant Governor, Hon. Senator G. W. Allan, Hon. Mr. Justice Proudford, Hon. Mr. Justice MacLennan, Hon. G. W. Ross, Minister of Education; Messrs. Wm. Christie, J. W. Lanmuir, Donald MacKay, Dr. Andrew Smith, John Ross Robertson, M.P., A. H. Campbell. The general committee includes the officers of the society and many of the leading Scotsmen of Toronto. The officers of the 48th Highlanders are taking great interest in the event, and special rehearsals of the Scottish dances are being held by some of the young people who will attend. The military officers will attend in uniform, and the national costume will be worn by quite a number of the gentlemen to be present. The honorary ball secretary is Major D. M. Robertson, Canada Life Building, and the president is Mr. G. R. Cockburn, ex-M.P.

The embryo lawyers and their friends made merry at Osgoode Hall on Tuesday evening. Mr. Justice Lister presided at the debate about Canada's obligations re Imperial defences, and a jolly dance followed upon the decision on the question. The young people enjoyed themselves to the utmost. Judge and Mrs. Lister did not remain for the dance. His Honor being quite under the weather from an attack of rheumatism. Mr. President Macpherson, a handsome big Scotchman, and his bright, pretty wife, Mr. Shepley and his charming sister-in-law, Mrs. McCrea of Winnipeg; Mr. and Mrs. Willie Galbraith, Miss O'Donoghue, in a stunning black satin gown, with handsome bands of silver trimming; the Misses Monahan, Mr. J. Merrick, Mr. W. Muir, Mr. Fred Atkinson, Mr. Holmsted, Mr. Archibald, Mr. Smith of Stratford, dozens of pretty girls in the favorite frocks of *mousseline* over various delicate tints, and scores of young students, frisked and gyrated to the music of an Italian orchestra stationed in the gallery. The dais was prettily decorated with palms and set with easy-chairs, and refreshments were served downstairs, where a private supper-room was set for a few of the most honored guests in the snug quarters of one of the legal gentlemen.

Mr. Hall Caine, the noted English novelist, was at Mass-y Hall on Friday night of last week. He appeared in the role of a story-teller, recounting several anecdotes and a quite lengthy story entitled *Home, Sweet Home*. This was well told, composed with taste, and interested the audience, but I think a great many people who heard *Home, Sweet Home* must have wondered who wrote *The Christian*. It might also have occurred to some of his auditors to wonder why *Home, Sweet Home* was composed, setting aside the obvious pecuniary reason, which concerned the author alone. In this connection it might have struck some people present that no adequate excuse was given for the presence of the man of the well known name. Mr. Caine may have thought of that himself, as his remarks seemed to indicate some uncertainty as to why he should be within sight and hearing of the audience. He said: "In presenting this new version of an old story, I ask your indulgence. I cannot claim that it is especially strong or uplifting." He also remarked that he would make no pretenses in regard to it. My notes do not include further observations, except a brilliant allusion to the weather, which I do not remember to have heard before.

From Government House, Ottawa, came some days since small good-bye booklets from Lord and Lady Aberdeen to many a friend in Toronto. I hear that at some future time Lady Aberdeen hopes to be Viceroy of India. As for Lord Aberdeen's wishes, they have not been mentioned, but a good many of us would be glad to see him out here, on a curling tour, for instance, where he could have a real good time, and his welcome only awaits his coming. Lady Aberdeen has been interested in the Irish and their industries, the Canadians and their institutions, and if she could be ready to pack up and succeed the Curzons when the Government takes an outing in England, she will have had Lady Dufferin's experience to a knock down. It is a curious study of temperaments to see how either dame made her mark in Canada, Ireland and elsewhere. If "we" go to India, there will be a fine opening for exertions of a certain sort, and all will sympathize with the country which has had wars and famines, and almost every sort of trouble already.

Dinners *en famille* and with some loved one as an honored "flying visitor" to home and friends, were the rule on Thursday evening. Quite a few families were made glad by the advent of the son of the house, or some married daughter with a wee one or two. Though so late in the year, snow and frost scarcely nodded acquaintance with this festive season.

Mrs. Pinkerton is now settled in her new home at 46 Walmer road and will receive on Tuesday and Wednesday of next week.

And so the jolly Grens. have secured first honors, and are to welcome Lord and Lady Minto at the first assembly on the thirteenth! What's in a date? Thirteen is the lucky number this time and no mistake about it. The Yacht Club ball, following on the fifteenth, is to also be graced with the presence of our

new Governor-General and his lady, for whom all sorts of hearty welcomes are waiting. Among other diversions, a ride on the Belt Line cars has been suggested by some one who heard his Excellency say that Ottawa had the best car service in Canada. Probably he would fall back upon the verdict of the cautious Soot and say, "Baith's the best," if we got him fairly cornered.

Colonel and Mrs. Otter returned from a visit to Ottawa on Monday; they were the guests of General Hutton at Earncliffe. Miss Fraser of Kingston is visiting at Government House, Toronto. Mrs. James Robertson and Miss Bee Robertson are having a pleasant time in Montreal; they will be home next month. Mrs. Smith of Wilcox street will give an afternoon tea on next Saturday, from half past four to seven o'clock. Mrs. Ballantyne, wife of the professor of Knox College, is in Asheville, N.C., for the winter. Mrs. Botsford is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Albert Gooderham. Mr. and Mrs. Tom Pepler are in Montreal.

Last Thursday week's teas were two very jolly ones, given by Mrs. Fred Gooch and Mrs. J. L. Brodie. Mrs. Gooch is the brightest of women, and her hospitality is always charming; Mrs. Brodie is loved and honored by such a large circle on account of her great philanthropy and sterling worth, that her name is a household word for devoted work. Many guests were hurried from one to another of these functions, loth to leave either for other, but fortunately they were not insuperably distant, as sometimes unhappily happens.

Mrs. A. McArthur gives an afternoon reception on Monday at four-thirty, at which that very charming girl, her young daughter, will assist her mother in receiving. Miss McArthur's bright eyes and magnetic presence have been the great attraction at many a brilliant affair this season.

Mrs. Falconbridge's teas last Friday for married people and on Saturday for the younger members of her social circle were among the brightest of the season. The charmingly pretty young daughter who makes her *debut* this season was much in evidence at both functions. Mrs. Falconbridge's duties are materially lightened now by the assistance of two able *aides*, and also the winning and ever-welcome presence of her married daughter, Mrs. Anglin.

Mrs. John H. Vivian was the hostess of a bright tea yesterday at Viol Vill. Miss Florence Vivian, one of the season's *debutantes*, is a very graceful and unaffected maiden with gentle, sweet manners and of attractive appearance.

Mr. Bernard Jennings returned this week from a very pleasant trip south.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Grantham are cosily settled in a pretty flat in New York, where Mrs. Grantham, whose memory as sweet Miss Gertrude Mackenzie is still green in the hearts of Toronto friends, does the honors in a very cordial and successful manner.

Miss Lillian Gault, daughter of Mr. A. F. Gault, Rokeby, Montreal, is visiting Mrs. Mortimer Clark.

Mrs. W. H. Beatty gave a very elegant tea to a smart party of ladies on Tuesday afternoon, and as usual nothing could have been better done. The host and hostess of The Oaks received in the drawing room. Soft music floated down the wide stairway; in the dining room a most effectively decorated tea-table with huge baskets of Meteor roses and deep crimson ribbons, Mrs. Beatty wore a gown of rich brocade, and many were the words of admiration given to the stately lady and her two graceful daughters, Mrs. Nesbitt and Mrs. W. H. Cawthra, who are just back from a visit in New York. A few of the guests were: Mrs. Percival Ridout, Mrs. MacMahon, Mrs. Cattnach, Mrs. Riddell, Mrs. Arthurs and Mrs. Victor Cawthra.

Mrs. T. Mayne Daly spent a short visit with Mrs. Stephen Jarvis, remaining over Sunday in town. Everyone was glad to see Mrs. Daly, who is now residing in Rossland, so very far away.

Mr. and Mrs. James Ross have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Grace. They left this week for Montreal.

Mrs. Nordheimer's dance at Gleneddyth was the paradise of the *debutantes* who eagerly awaited its arrival to make their first venture into the social sea. The *debutante* daughters of the hostess, in shimmering white satin and chiffon, were everywhere admired. Another young lady who looked very well in her coming-out gown was Miss Nina Clarkson, daughter of Mrs. B. Clarkson of Beverly street. She wore white, the regulation *debutante* frock, and carried a large bouquet of white roses. The mammas of the *debutantes* were at this dance in great force, and all went in to supper specially, so that the occasion was marked as the event which was *par excellence* a *debutante's* evening. The beautiful mistress of Gleneddyth has both the will and the *savoir faire* to arrange everything for the enjoyment of young people in perfection.

Mrs. and the Misses Merritt of St. George street have gone to Bermuda for the winter. They left Toronto the beginning of last week.

Mrs. H. K. Cockin, of the Junction, and her children sailed for England on the Gallia, Wednesday, to be with relatives for a time.

The tidings of the death of Mr. Harvey Smith, eldest son of Sir Frank Smith of Rivermount, were not, I fancy, quite unexpected, as the deceased gentleman has been in delicate health for some time, and went to Colorado on that account. But regrets were none the less hearty and sincere for the loss of a kindly and courteous gentleman, who was never happier than when doing some thoughtful and helpful act for anyone whom he could serve. Mr. Smith had several trying pioneer experiences

in the far North and many thrilling escapes which undermined his constitution irredeemably.

One thinks of Swinburne's "There were roses, roses all the way," on entering Matthews' gallery this week and confronting Mrs. Reid's exquisite exhibition of floral and other paintings. When it's not roses, it's pansies, or marquerites, or yellow daisies; a few striking landscapes, a couple of interiors, and a Moorish bridge, every bit of them all the work of a woman truly an artist, make up an exhibition of rare interest and merit.

Mr. and Mrs. Matthew Sweetnam have removed from St. Vincent street to No. 29 Madison avenue, their new residence.

On Saturday next, December 3, Mrs. George Hees and her daughter, Mrs. Stephen Haas, will give a large afternoon reception at Mrs. Hees' residence, 171 St. George street.

On Thursday evening of last week the second of the five entertainments composing the citizens' course was given by the Mozart Symphony Club of New York. On the nineteenth of next month the third entertainment will introduce Mr. Edward P. Elliott to Toronto people. The entire course ticket was only one dollar, and the seats for any of the five concerts are only twenty-five cents. This is really a popular course and should be appreciated as such.

Messrs. Gourlay, Winter & Leeming have received the musical boxes of which I spoke recently, and they are on exhibition in their window in Yonge street. After-dinner music, or music for euche parties, in the States is very frequently supplied by these beautiful contrivances, and is quite a fashionable fad.

On Monday last at three o'clock the marriage of Dr. Albert F. Warner and Miss Carrie Louise Webb, the charmingly pretty little sister of Mr. Albert Webb, 86 Charles street, took place at the Church of the Redeemer, Rev. Septimus Jones officiating. Miss Webb's traveling-costume of blue cloth and picture hat with black plumes were most becoming to her *petite* face and golden hair. Mr. Alb rt Webb gave away the bride. Dr. and Mrs. Warner went to New York and other cities for a wedding trip, and on their return will reside in Carlton street.

It is scarcely necessary to draw the attention of the public to the fact that the *bal poudree* will take place on December 6 and promises to be a great success. It is under the patronage of Sir Oliver and Miss Mowat, Sir George and Lady Kirkpatrick, Lady Edgar, Mrs. Hardy, Mrs. Arthurs, Mrs. Melfort Bouton, Mrs. H. Cawthra, Mrs. Cosby, Mrs. Joseph Cawthra, Mrs. Chadwick, Mrs. George Gooderham, Mrs. Hammond, Mrs. Melvin-Jones, Mrs. Kirkland, Mrs. Montzambert, Mrs. H. Macdonald, Mrs. Nordheimer, Mrs. E. B. Osler, Mrs. K. rr Osborne, Mrs. H. M. Pellatt, Mrs. Sweny, Mrs. Somerville, and Mrs. A. Temple.

Mr. Rubidge, barrister, of Brantford, has removed with his family to Toronto, and has taken up house at 62 Brunswick avenue.

Miss Stella Morton is visiting in Kingston, the guest of Miss Edith Carmichael. Mrs. Hoodless had a big meeting in the Guelph City Hall the other night to talk about Domestic Science. She made a hit in telling that she advertised for a cook and her husband for an office clerk. No one answered her ad., but fifty-seven girls applied for the clerk's place, some being willing to work for one dollar and a half a week. Mrs. Hoodless' argument that a moral wrong supplemented the meagre salaries of such girls, is open to question. Many girls have a home with parents, and work for experience until they can demand higher wages. Nine out of ten of the dollar-and-a-half girls were probably of this description. It is not to be denied, however, that twenty girls understand bookkeeping for one who knows how to make a pie, cut a bodice or set a pretty dinner-table.

A jolly shooting party including Messrs. Charles Cockshutt, Byron Walker, Mayne Campbell, Z. A. Lash, E. R. C. Clarkson and H. D. Warren returned from St. Clair Flats preserves last Saturday. They had excellent sport, duck shooting.

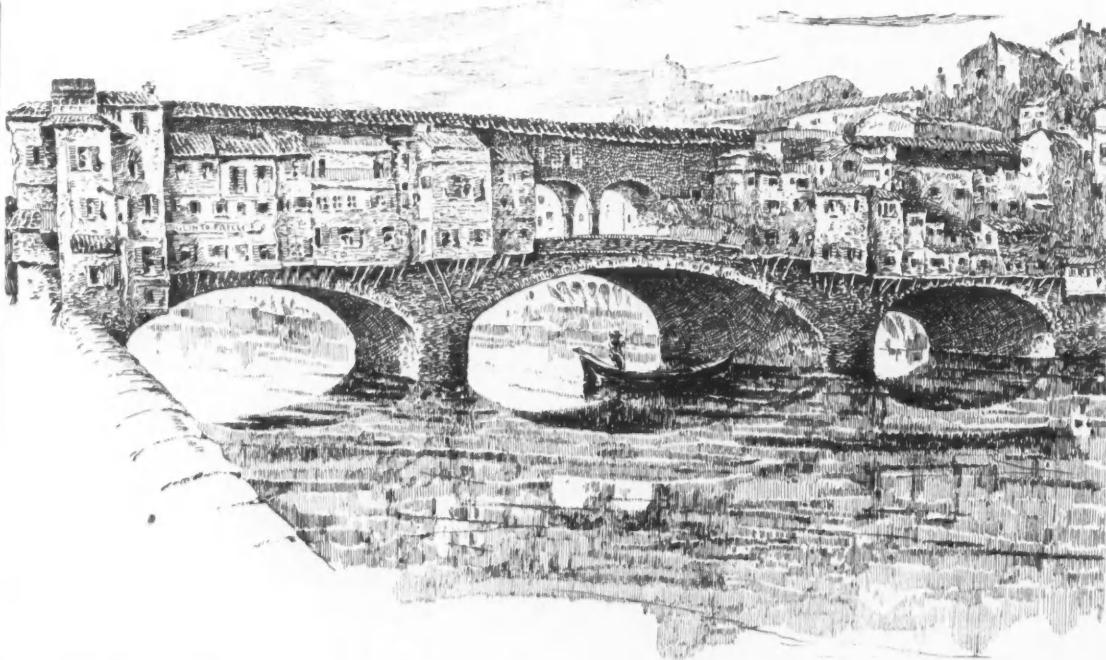
The gowns of the women and the acting of the men are alike exceedingly smart in The Brace of Partridges, now on at the Grand. Most of society's darlings have sighed appreciatively over the former and laughed at the latter during the week. In the curtain-raiser the contortions of Miss Mabel Lane, by way of expressing hopeless love, made the sinews of her neck stand out like ropes, and a quiet man with a touch of humor remarked, "The Lost Chord," as he watched them. The honors certainly went to the cad in this little sketch; he was done to the life, as one can easily avow without leaving the city. It seemed to strike several persons at once that nature and art are this time duplicated very strikingly in our midst.

Mrs. G. R. R. Cockburn has returned home after a long and anxious sojourn with her invalid, Mrs. Tait.

Mrs. Morang of The Elms, Beverley street, has sent out cards for an afternoon reception on next Saturday afternoon, from half past four to seven o'clock.

The bazar to be held by the young ladies of the combined Methodist congregations of Toronto, in Mrs. George A. Cox's beautiful residence on December 10, will claim the support of a vast number of persons. The president of the bazar committee is Miss Philp; Miss Potts is the secretary, and Miss Amy Sterling, treasurer. A few of the conveners from the different churches are: Metropolitan, Miss Stella Kerr; Trinity, Mrs. Bert Cox and Miss Skinner; Central, Miss Wyatt; Carlton street, Miss Carman; Yonge street, Miss Graham; and Sherbourne street, Miss Frankish. As everything for the tables has been generously donated, the prices can be put at most reasonable figures.

### THE FAMOUS OLD PONTE VECCHIO, FLORENCE.



Canadians who have visited Florence and looked with admiration on the old Ponte Vecchio will read with regret the following despatch which appeared in the New York papers on Saturday last: "Taddeo Gaddi's Ponte Vecchio, built in 1333, the only medieval bridge left in Florence, is threatened with destruction. The city authorities wish to put a wooden suspension bridge in its place."

## WM. STITT & CO.

Ladies' Tailors and Costumiers

Tweeds and Cloths for Tailor-Made Gowns.

Handsome Duchess Satins, Brocades, Embroidered Chiffons and all over effects for Dinner, Reception and Evening Gowns

### MILLINERY

French, Parisian and New York Pattern Hats and Bonnets.

### GLOVES

SPECIAL—8 button length Undressed Kid Gloves, 75c., regular \$1.50. 2 clasp Gloves, Dressed Kid, \$1.00 and \$1.25, in all colors. 2 clasp Derby Gloves, in all colors.

EVENING GLOVES TO MATCH ANY COSTUME.

MEN'S GLOVES A SPECIALTY

## Paris Kid Glove Store

Tel. 888

11 & 13 King Street East

## PANTECHNETHECA

### Belleek...

Our new goods have arrived from the

Ceramic Art Company

We hear continually that ours is the best selected stock of WHITE CHINA in America, and, as well as supplying the whole of Canada, we have regular customers in Buffalo, Detroit and New York.

Send for a Catalogue and order by mail.

## 116 YONGE ST.

### 1,000 PER DAY

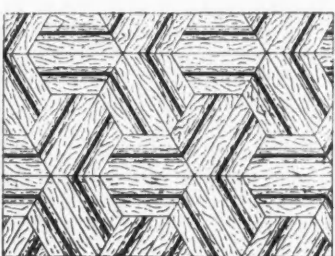
During ten consecutive days we have sent by mail an average of almost 1,000 catalogues per day.

At the present rate of delivery the remainder will disappear long before Christmas, and it will be impossible to issue a further edition this season.

Thousands of our prettiest pieces of Jewelry, Sterling Silver, and Watches—ranging from \$25.00 to \$2,000.00—are beautifully illustrated, and will enable our out-of-town patrons to do their Christmas shopping better than ever before.

## RYRIE BROS.

COR. YONGE and ADELAIDE STS. TORONTO



As your Carpets wear out, consider the question of Parquet Floors. A permanent and beautifully finished floor

can be laid for the price of best Brussels and will outlast half a dozen carpets.

SEND FOR CATALOGUE AND PRICE LIST

## The ELLIOTT & SON CO.

LIMITED

40 King Street East, Toronto

## Autumn's Glory

IN EVERY GLORIOUS COLOR AT

## Dunlop's

### Chrysanthemums

The queen of autumn flowers, were never finer. All colors; all sizes; all prices. May be shipped any distance and good condition on arrival guaranteed. Estimates given for decorations and prices submitted on made up work of every description. Price list on application.

5 King West

445 Yonge

## Chafing Dishes

5 o'Clock Tea Kettles and Stands

Hot Water Plates

Dish Covers

## Rice Lewis & Son

LIMITED

Cor. King and Victoria Streets

TORONTO



CO.  
ers  
owns.  
iffons and  
Gowns

nnets.

regular \$1.50,  
all colors.

ME.

re

st East

KA

mail

er will  
be made

erling  
000.00  
out of  
than

TS.

Carpets

ut, con-

rs. A

and beau-

floor

outlast

CO.

er. All

and good

ade up

onge

S

lock

nds

n

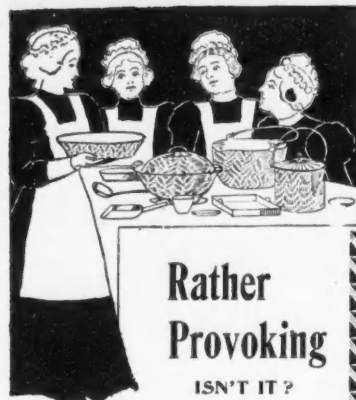
TO



November, 1898.

The making of  
Evening Gowns  
and Ball Dresses  
from  
Choicest Materials  
is a special  
feature with us  
during this month  
and next.  
If necessary, we  
can fit without  
customer  
attending.

John Catto & Son  
King St., Toronto  
Opposite the Post Office.



Rather  
Provoking  
ISN'T IT?

To buy enameled wire that chips and  
burns out after very little usage.  
Why not make sure of genuinely  
good, long-lasting kitchen utensils by  
finding Kemp's  
**GRANITE or DIAMOND**  
label on all you buy?  
Each piece is guaranteed—so it can't  
disappoint you.

Kemp Mfg. Co., Toronto

## For a Christmas Box

Nothing is more acceptable than a nice Palm  
or a pretty plant in full bloom.

## Tidy the Florist

75 King Street West, Toronto

has an exceptionally fine stock at reasonable  
prices in his large conservatory attached to  
his store.  
Plants and cut flowers can be safely shipped  
to any part of the Dominion. Orders by wire  
or mail will receive careful and prompt atten-  
tion.

## IDEAL LUNCHEONS

The pretty bride-elect comes in for  
many forms of entertaining, and the  
bridesmaids' luncheon is one of the  
most popular.

It should be as pretty as possible, com-  
bining many sentimental touches, for  
what is a bridesmaids' luncheon with-  
out sentiment.

For the latest ideas in catering consult  
GEO. S. McCONKEY,  
27 and 29 King St. West

## BETTER THAN EVER

Without doubt the finest  
and most completely fitted  
Turkish Baths in Canada  
can now be found at  
204 King St. West.

Mr. Cook's ambition to surpass anything on  
this continent will no doubt be appreciated by  
the Toronto and out of town patrons who fre-  
quent this establishment.

Mr. Cook has added to his Turkish Baths  
the most improved methods in the Russian  
and Vapor baths. These no doubt will be  
very popular, being run on the same  
charges as before, viz., Day, 50c; Evenings,  
between 6 and 10 p.m., 50c. Night baths, \$1.00,  
which includes sleeping compartment.



## "Satisfaction Guaranteed"

is expressed or implied in all  
catering contracts with Webb's.  
Ladies who entertain will find  
us always ready to give infor-  
mation, and if favored with an  
order to do everything in our  
power to make their guests go  
away delighted with their hospi-  
tality.

The HARRY WEBB CO.  
LIMITED  
477 Yonge Street, Toronto

## Social and Personal.

MRS. S. G. BEATTY'S tea was at-  
tended by a bright gathering  
of ladies who spent a most pleas-  
ant hour in her handsome  
home in Isabella street. Mrs. Beatty  
is always in bright and merry mood,  
and her example infected her friends  
until the rooms were fairly resounding  
with laugh and jest. A dear old lady,  
Mrs. Kemp, senior, who is visiting her  
son in Wellesley crescent, held a small  
court of her own, many being won by her  
sweet face and silvery hair to exercise the  
pleasant privilege of the five o'clock tea  
and enter into friendly chat. Mrs. Beatty  
gave this tea in honor of her young cousin,  
Miss Taylor of British Columbia, whose  
visit has brightened her circle for several  
weeks, and very pretty looked the guest  
of honor in a dainty frock of white, veiling  
a pink silk slip, and trimmings of pink.  
Mrs. Beatty herself wore green tissue  
with yoke of white. The guests admired  
the rooms, the hostess, the guests of honor,  
the charming group of maids in attend-  
ance, each other, and most of all many  
fine sketches and paintings, the work of  
the mistress of the house, which were  
straw about, fresh from her clever hands.  
At the tea-table handsome Mrs. LeGrand  
Reed poured tea. A novel center-piece on  
the buffet was an enormous basket with  
ribbon-wreathed handle, filled with large  
'mums. The tea was most enjoyable, and  
it was remarked that everybody looked  
extremely well and that the gowns were  
quite unusually smart.

The marriage of Miss Constance Esaline  
Moore and Mr. Percy Edgar Brown took  
place in Christ church, Chatham, on Wed-  
nesday evening. A reception at The  
Bungalow, Mr. Moore's residence, follow-  
ed the ceremony.

The announcement in a Toronto paper  
that Lord Minto had promised to attend  
St. Andrew's Ball was a bit off in latitude.  
He was invited, but His Excellency is re-  
ported to have promised to honor the  
Montreal dance on the 30th, so he cannot  
very well be here on the same night.  
Toronto is very anxious to have our new  
Vice-Royal party on a visit, and it won't be  
long ere we are permitted to welcome  
these charming people.

Mrs. A. A. Campbell of Belleville is  
visiting her brother-in-law, Mr. C. J.  
Campbell of Avenue road.

Mrs. Thomas Alison was one of a party  
of ladies who registered at Lick Observa-  
tory, California, on November 8.

The residents of New Toronto and  
Mimico were afforded a great treat on  
Friday night, when a very successful con-  
cert was held under the auspices of the  
Ladies' Aid Society of New Toronto. Rev.  
T. J. Caldwell of Mimico presided, and  
an excellent programme was rendered.  
Among the performers were Miss Margaret  
Owen, soprano, Prof. Bohner's brilliant  
pupil, and Messrs. Montague King and  
Robertson, elocutionist, of Toronto.

Mrs. Harry Wilson and Miss Wilson of  
13 Moss Park place entertained their  
friends at an afternoon tea on Wednes-  
day, November 16.

Mrs. Eaton (nee Eckardt) of 157 St.  
George street will hold her post-nuptial  
receptions on next Thursday and Friday,  
December 1 and 2.

The marriage took place on Thursday  
morning, November 17, at All Saints'  
church, of Mr. C. H. Acton Bond and Miss  
Newton, Rev. Arthur Baldwin officiating.  
The bride's elder sister acted as brides-  
maid and her two younger sisters as  
maids of honor. Mr. Sandford F. Smith  
was best man. Mr. and Mrs. Bond left on  
a visit to the States.

The following ladies are acting as  
patronesses of the conversation to be  
held in Victoria University on De-  
cember 2: Mesdames Edward Gurney,  
George A. Cox, C. D. Massey, J. M. Treble,  
J. E. Graham, L. M. Sweetnam, H. C. Cox,  
R. C. Hamilton, T. Eaton, Carman, Potts,  
Burwash, and the wives of the professors.  
The programme will be furnished chiefly  
by Mr. Harold Jarvis, Miss Jessie Alex-  
ander, Miss Ronan, and Mr. and Mrs.  
Bligh. The decoration is under the super-  
vision of the patronesses, so that alto-  
gether the function of this year promises to  
be by far the most magnificent ever  
given in connection with the college.

On Thursday next Trinity's concert and  
dance, under the auspices of the Trinity  
University A.A.A., will be an event in-  
teresting a very nice party. The tickets  
have been much in demand, and the num-  
ber has been wisely limited to avoid  
crowding.

Dr. H. A. Beatty, Messrs. W. H. Fergu-  
son, J. L. Woods and J. J. Hart are  
Torontoians registering at the office of  
the High Commissioner for Canada, in  
London, this month.

Mr. James Merrick is welcome back  
after his five months' absence in England  
and the Continent. Many of us have  
much enjoyed his account of his rambles.

Mrs. Alfred Denison spent Horse Show  
week in New York, and returned to  
Toronto on Monday.

On Thursday afternoon of last week  
Harbord street Collegiate, that immense  
and progressive seat of study, held annual  
commencement exercises most success-  
fully.

Miss Mary Drayton is one of Toronto's  
young ladies who is doing well in New  
York, and speaks well of the good people  
of Gotham. Miss Edith J. Miller is look-  
ing very well, and is much appreciated by  
that ultra swell congregation in Madison  
avenue, N.Y., to whom she sings each  
Sabbath. Miss Bessie Thompson of Mad-  
ison avenue is enjoying a winter in  
New York, the guest of relatives. Mrs.  
Alfred T. Smith of Fort Porter went down  
to Gotham for Horse Show week. Mr.  
and Mrs. Bertie Cawthra were in New  
York, interested in golf, and also taking

in the Horse Show. Miss Margaret Anglin,  
one of the most spoken of girls in America  
at this moment, continues to charm  
large audiences by her beautiful rendering  
of the role of Roxane with Richard Mans-  
field in Cyrano de Bergerac at the Garden  
Theater, N.Y. Miss Anglin is adored by  
her friends, and her personal qualities are  
even more compelling than her histrionic  
gift. On Wednesday of last week the  
beautiful and winning young actress gave  
a very dainty luncheon at the Park  
Avenue Hotel to a party of ladies, includ-  
ing the Misses Pope and Mrs. Alfred  
Denison, old Toronto friends. Miss Alleen  
is now visiting her sister, while their  
mother is in town in attendance on the  
young brother, who has been so ill. I  
regret to say that Mr. Mansfield's ap-  
proaching tour does not include Canada,  
so that we shall not have the chance of  
welcoming Roxane, as we so well know  
how, to Toronto.

On Thursday evening of last week a  
very interested party of invited guests  
witnessed the graduating class of nurses  
from the Toronto General Hospital re-  
ceive their hard-earned diplomas and  
medals. The usual reception was given in  
the Nurses' Home, west wing, afterwards  
and was most enjoyable.

Mrs. Julius Miles of Russell street re-  
turned quite recently from the North-  
West after attending the marriage of her  
niece. Mr. and Mrs. George T. Marks  
have been since their wedding in Toronto,  
and on Thursday of last week a few of  
Mrs. Marks' friends had the pleasure of  
taking tea with her on the kind invitation  
of Mrs. Miles. Mrs. Marks (nee Rowand)  
was always popular with Toronto friends,  
who very heartily wish her every hap-  
piness.

Mrs. R. A. Grant gave a charming after-  
noon tea at her home in Earl street on  
Wednesday from 5 to 7 o'clock.

Mrs. Arthur Jukes Johnson's tea last  
Saturday was pronounced by all her  
guests to be most pleasant. The con-  
venient arrangement of her charming  
home, where, in each room, bright grate-  
fires blazed and flowers were in profusion,  
enabled a large number to assemble with-  
out uncomfortable crowding. Mrs. John-  
son was assisted by her sister, Miss Wil-  
der, and ever so many men, chiefly of the  
doctor-host's profession, were on hand to  
enjoy the duties of the five-o'clocker, as  
they call him in Paris.

On Wednesday Mrs. J. E. Elliott gave a  
dainty small studio tea for her friend, Miss  
Memory of Chicago, at her residence, 486  
Church street.

## Society at the Capital.

THE new Governor-General and family  
are comfortably settled at Rideau  
Hall, and have been enjoying a  
much-needed rest during the past  
week. His little son, Lord Melgund,  
is much better, and is already nearly con-  
valescent. Soon, however, Lord and Lady  
Minto must undergo the inevitable and  
commence a series of visits to the various  
institutions and localities, at each of  
which an address of welcome will have to  
be listened and replied to. Verily, the life  
of a Governor-General and his consort is  
not a bed of roses. They will probably visit  
Montreal and Hamilton this month, and  
on the 15th of December they go for a  
short time to Toronto. Lord Minto has  
got considerably grayer, but Lady Minto  
seems to have the charm of keeping her  
youth, for she looks not a day older than  
when she left Canada some dozen years  
ago. There is a striking resemblance be-  
tween Lady Minto and the Princess of  
Wales, which may be partly accounted for  
by the fact that both wear their hair in  
the same manner.

Stately old Earncliffe, the residence of  
Major-General Gascoigne, was on Thurs-  
day evening for the first time in several  
years bright with the presence of fair  
dames and handsome escorts, and filled  
with light and the strains of dance music.  
The occasion was the large At Home  
given by charming Mrs. Hutton, in honor  
of the presence in town of the D.O.C.'s to  
confer with the General. Mrs. Hutton,  
gowned in pale blue silk, and wearing  
some beautiful diamonds, received in the  
drawing room. The whole house was  
thrown open for the guests, and in the  
dining-room refreshments were served at  
a large buffet. The G.G.F.G. orchestra,  
concealed in the stairway, played through-  
out the evening. Mrs. Otter of Toronto, who,  
with Lieut. Col. Otter, has been a guest at  
Earncliffe, wore brown velvet trimmed  
with yellow. From Government House  
came Lady Sybil Beauchamp, Major and Mrs.  
Drummond, Mr. Guise and Capt. Graham,  
A.D.C. Mrs. Drummond, who came in  
for no end of admiration, was gowned in  
blue moire trimmed with rich lace. A  
few of the many present were: Sir James  
and Lady Grant, Hon. Dr. Borden, Col.  
and Mrs. Aylmer, Lieut. Col. and Mrs.  
Hodgins, Lieut. Col. and Mrs. Tilton, Col.  
and Mrs. Lake, Major and Mrs. Cart-  
wright, Lieut. Col. and Mrs. Cotton,  
Lieut. Col. and Mrs. Bacon, Mr. Justice  
and Mrs. Gwynne, Mr. and Mrs. S. H.  
Fleming, Mr. and Mrs. Courtney, Mr. and  
Mrs. Scarth, Major and Mrs. Rivers, and  
many others.

The Misses Sparks of Kilmington Place  
have sent out cards for the first dance of  
the season. It is to come off on Wednes-  
day week.

His Honor the Lieut. Governor of the  
North-West and Madame Forget, who  
have been staying at Government House  
in Toronto, are in town, the guests of Hon.  
Clifford Sifton and Mrs. Sifton.

The engagement of Lady Edith Doug-  
las, sister of Lord Douglas of Hawick,  
who is so much liked in Toronto, is an-  
nounced, to Mr. Lane Fox-Pitt, son of the  
well known general of that name.

Miss Bessie Hill is in Toronto, staying  
with Mrs. H. J. Macdonald.

With sincere regret was the news of the  
sudden death of Miss Ethel Marlowe heard  
in Ottawa last week. Miss Marlowe, dur-  
ing her connection with the Cummings

## In the modern "Love Chase"

Nasmith's **CHOCOLATE BON-BONS** play an important part

"Name on Every Piece"  
Will mail on receipt of price 1 lb. box, 60c.; 2 lb. box, \$1.20; 3 lb. box, \$1.80; 5 lb., \$3.00

THE NASMITH CO., LIMITED

51 King Street East - 53 King Street West - TORONTO

## Fownes' High Class Gloves

## DURABILITY and RELIABILITY

Members of the Royal families demand  
Fownes' celebrated high class Kid Gloves.

This is a Guarantee of Their Worth

Two of their best lines are sold in Canada  
—the DAGMAR and PREMIER. Perfect  
shades, perfect fitting, perfect satisfaction.

RELIABLE DEALERS SELL THEM

Stock Company here last winter, became  
very popular with society, and her win-  
some presence and charming manners  
won many friends. Miss Marlowe was  
a niece of Mrs. Morrison of Toronto.

Hon. Mr. Dobell sailed for England on  
Saturday from Quebec.

Mr. W. A. Fraser, the gifted Canadian  
author who has a most interesting story  
in SATURDAY NIGHT'S Christmas Number,  
has been in town this week. He left on  
Friday for his home in Georgetown, Ont.  
Miss Whitney, daughter of Mr. J. P.  
Whitney, leader of the Ontario Opposi-  
tion, is in town on a visit to Mr. Poupore,  
M.P., and Mrs. Poupore.

Mrs. Gwynne, wife of Mr. Justice  
Gwynne, is giving a tea on Wednesday  
afternoon between the hours of 4 and 7.

Mr. and Mrs. Collingwood Schreiber  
have returned to Elmsleigh from New  
York, where their brief honeymoon was  
spent.

Mrs. Pinhey and Miss Nan Pinhey are  
in Toronto staying with Mrs. Jack Drum-  
mond.

Lieut. Col. and Mrs. Otter of Toronto,  
who have spent the past week with  
Major-General and Mrs. Hutton, left for  
home on Monday.

Ottawa, Nov. 22, 1898.



## Art Exhibit

OF...

Christmas and  
New Year  
Art Calendars

Prices ranging all the way from 5c.  
to \$10.00 each.

Out of town orders will be sent on  
approval if required.

Bain Book Company  
Art Gallery  
96 Yonge Street

## BUY YOUR FURS AT DINEEN'S

and pleasure in wear—but that it is particularly "special" in quality.  
The choicest grade of Alaska Seal-skin—dense, even, full, rich fur,  
and London cured and dyed, has been selected for these garments. In our  
illustrated Fur Pattern book the style is shown in Model No. 5. The de-  
sign is known as the

## Ladies' "Sans Gene" Jacket

Correctly designed and properly fitted, this is one of the dressiest and  
most fashionable Seal Jacket styles in vogue this season. We guarantee  
the highest Seal quality, perfect workmanship and a faultless fit. Made  
entirely of the choicest Alaska Seal-skin—22 inches long, \$150; 26 inches  
long, \$175; 30 inches long, \$200. Send for our Fur Pattern Book, free.

W. & D. DINEEN, 140 Yonge St. CORNER TEMPERANCE TORONTO

## Thanksgiving Desserts

can be made easily and quickly  
and they will be delicious, too, if Lazenby's Jelly Tablets are used.

The quality of the jelly these little  
English tablets make is of the very  
highest. Used by the nobility in  
England.

Best grocers sell 13 varieties of them.

Lazenby's  
Jelly Tablets



Wear "THE CONTOUR"  
If you desire a faultless figure.

SOLD IN ALL THE STORES.

MANUFACTURED BY

The CROMPTON CORSET CO., Limited  
TORONTO.

JAY The Florist  
438 SPADINA AVENUE  
where he has one of  
the finest floral con-  
servatories in Canada  
We cordially invite you to visit and see our  
splendid stock of Palms, Ferns and Flower-  
ing Plants.

## Choice Assortment of

CALENDARS  
XMAS CARDS  
BOOKLETS  
GIFT BOOKS

MISS E. PORTER

Ladies' Work Depository 47 King West

St. Andrew's, Poudre and Yacht Club Balls

Appointments to be made  
telephone 288.

White Wigs for Hire

Fine Hair Ornaments—Real  
Steel, real Jet, real Tortoise-  
shell, real Amber, Pompa-  
dour and Empire Combs,  
Side Combs, etc. For Bal-  
Poudre we keep everything  
in connection—Powders,  
Creams, Rouge, Lip Salve,  
Eyebrow Pencils, Beauty  
Spots, Gold, Silver and Dia-  
mond Dusts.

Fashionable and Historic Coiffures

Coiffure Louis XV.

Coiffure Revolution.

Coiffure 1890.

Perfumes—We keep the best asorted stock  
of genuine French extracts for handkerchiefs.  
Price from 25c. to \$5 per bottle, according to  
the size.

Largest and Best Assorted Stock of Real

Hair Switches.

J. TRANCHE-ARMAND & CO.

411 Yonge, cor. Carlton St., Toronto, Ont.

## Ladies' Hair Dressing

Before attend-  
ing the Theater,  
Concert, Ball,  
etc., get your  
hair dressed art-  
istically and be-  
comingly at our  
Hair Dressing  
Room, or tele-  
phone 1551 and  
you can be ac-  
commodated by  
expert hair  
dressers at your  
residence. We  
cut, singe, sham-  
poo, bleach, dye,  
etc. Inspect our  
grand stock of  
Hair Goods in  
Switches,  
Bangs and  
Wigs.



Remember we are Headquarters

The DOREND CO. of Toronto, Limited

103-105 Yonge St., Toronto

HAIR DRESSING For Balls, Theater,  
Weddings, Etc.



If you wish your hair dressed artistically and  
becoming you had better go to Pember's, 127  
and 129 or to our branch store, 778 Yonge St.  
We guarantee satisfaction.

At present nearly every lady who works a switch,  
we have them at \$1.50, \$2.50, \$3.50 and up.  
Wigs from \$12 to \$30. Short curly wigs from  
\$10 to \$20. Waves from \$2.50 to \$12.50. Natural  
wavy switches can be tied in artistic head-  
dresses in one minute and pinned on, and are as  
light as a feather.

Turkish Baths in Connection

W. T. PEMBER

Telephones—2275 127 and 129 Yonge Street

3553 Branch—778 Yonge St.

TORONTO

Dresden  
China  
Figures

A choice selection  
of pieces suitable for  
Wedding Gifts.

WILLIAM JUNOR

39 King St. W., Toronto

Opp. Can. Life Bldg.



## A Modern De Bergerac.

By GERALD COMSTOCK PLACE in Illustrated American.

I AM always laughed at in our town for being a simpleton. No one ever laughed at me so much, or made such a fool of me—and enjoyed doing it—as Cerise. I was always proposing to her—two or three times a year on the average. "I don't mind how many times you ask me that question," she'd say. "Ask me again!"

So then I would ask her again, putting the question in more gifted language for variety's sake.

"I can't stand a man who has nothing else to talk about but asking girls to marry him," she once said. "Why don't you court me first—as other men do?" "Other men court you!" cried I, feeling jealous.

"No, you booby! I mean, court me as other men court other girls."

"I don't know how to," I said.

"And that was the truth. I hadn't the remotest idea how to set about courting a young woman. I couldn't see that any matrimonial preliminaries were in the least necessary. But she said it was absolutely impossible to get married without being courted first. Why didn't I tell her I loved her, for a start, she asked. Well, I should have thought she might have taken that for granted, seeing that I had asked her to marry me. Didn't marriage mean love? It didn't follow, she said. No, courtship evidently did not follow marriage, according to her ideas, but went in front of it. Now, I should have thought just the opposite.

Being a bachelor with a large empty house yawning around me—it seemed as if the furniture was making faces at me sometimes—I had advertised that I was willing to take a few gentlemen as paying guests during the summer months. A Mr. Knowles was the only one to respond to my offer; but he was quite sufficient for five or six. He was a poet, artist, philosopher, and most other things all rolled into one—at least, so he told me. He also mentioned that he was a gentleman at large, who had no occupation. I found some difficulty in reconciling these two statements. But he afterwards explained the matter to me by saying that poets and other men of no employment worked harder and did less than anyone else. He had a wonderful faculty for explanation.

On the very first evening of his arrival I confided to him my desire to marry Cerise Burroughs, and mentioned that the only obstacle to our union was her refusal. Mr. Knowles smiled a benign smile of cheering sympathy, which inspired both hope and confidence within me. I felt that here was a man, the friend of all the world, ever ready to lend a helping hand. "Place yourself entirely in my hands," said he, "and I'll see you through—as the man said to the friend he was teaching to skate. I'll see you through this courtship business just as that fellow saw his friend through the ice. She is quite obdurate, you say?"

"Very," I said.

"Then you must write her a poem."

"Poetry!" I cried. "I can't write poetry!"

"Leave it entirely to me. I will write an ode, and you shall present it to her."

I was somewhat sceptical about the persuasive powers of that ode. In fact, I thought that such personal remarks as Knowles made about her hair and all that, might set her against me more than ever. However, Knowles said she would be certain to come around in the end.

She didn't come around. But her father did. He came around to my house the next day, and asked what I meant by it. Knowles came to the rescue, and said that he had written it. Mr. Burroughs was at once pacified, and said he was glad to make Knowles' acquaintance. The end of it was that we all three went around to Mr. Burroughs' house to drink a "cup o' cider."

This visit gave Knowles the opportunity of making Cerise's acquaintance, and he was able to see what she was like with his own eyes. This was a great advantage, for he could now start to write another ode which would be "just like a real photograph." Knowles even undertook to carry this second poem himself, and slip it into Cerise's hand while her father wasn't looking. He did not seem to mind how much trouble he took in helping me to court my sweetheart.

Knowles was away about three hours with this second missive, while I waited at home, feeling pretty positive that he would bring back her written and verbal consent to marry me. When he returned I was rather disappointed to hear that she had said nothing definite; but that was the way with girls, Knowles said.

"I think I've furthered your cause a good deal," continued he. "She has been showing me around her garden, and I told her all the flowers you like, and she plucked them for me. Here they are in my button-hole for you."

"I like to see flowers growing," said I. "But I don't care for them plucked; besides, I like a good big rose, or a sunflower, something with some healthy color and muscle in it, and those are forget-me-nots. They're no use to me."

"Then I'll wear them for you," said Knowles.

"You'll have to send her some flowers in return," said Knowles, the next morning. "What sort does she like?"

"Hanged if I ever thought to ask her! I thought all those trifling questions could be settled after marriage."

"No wonder you have been an unsuccessful lover. Why, it's one of the very rudiments of courtship to ask what sort of flowers a girl likes."

"I should have thought vegetables would have been more to the point. Or, seeing that you've got to have dinner with her for the rest of your life, one might

talk beefsteak and pie."

Knowles didn't come home to dinner in the middle of the day, so I guessed he must have had some difficulty in explaining to Cerise that I had not sent the violets out of stinginess. This thought got hold of me so much, that in the afternoon I cut three or four squashes, put a couple of dozen eggs in a basket, and trotted around to see how Knowles was getting on.

He didn't seem to be making any progress. In fact, he seemed to have forgotten what he came there for. He was now amusing himself by painting Cerise's portrait. They were sitting in the garden, she in a little rustic arbor, covered with honeysuckle, and he out in the sun in front of her. Cerise had got the violets pinned on her dress.

"I'm very sorry," I said, "that I only sent you the violets in the morning. I see you are wearing them. But I've got something here that'll knock spots off flowers."

I showed her the squashes and the eggs. "My dear fellow," she said. "I can't possibly wear squashes around my neck. Take them to the kitchen."

Knowles was right. I saw at once that I had made a mistake. He certainly knew more about what women liked than I did.

"The next thing," said Knowles, one evening, "is to make your lady-love a handsome present."

"That's just what I've been agitating for all along," I said. "What do you suggest that I should give her?"

Knowles said it didn't matter much—so long as it was something really expensive—something extravagant, for choice. This seemed a most peculiar phase of courtship. He explained that girls liked having a lot of expensive things they didn't want. His knowledge of the female sex was almost supernatural. I suggested giving her a pair of gloves a size too small; but he said that was the sort of useless article which no girl delighted in. It must be something more expensive. We went into a jeweler's, and asked to see some things. What sort of things? Oh, the sort of things one gives to other people! The jeweler showed us some match-boxes, scent-bottles, button-hooks, manicure weapons and opera-glasses. Knowles disqualified all these as being too practically useful to please Cerise. That miniature watch, ticking like a beating heart, in the middle of it. I objected that this was a useful article, because the watch told the time. The jeweler reassured me. It was a stop-watch, he said. Besides, time was of no value to Cerise; the watch could serve no useful purpose, even when it happened to be going. Also if she did try to see the time by it, which could not be done without the aid of a magnifying glass—the watch would be certain to slip around to the other side of her wrist. The only time this bracelet-watch would come in handy would be when she was ill and the doctor came to feel her pulse. Besides the watch, this bracelet had a sort of trap-door, which buzzed open on provocation, and showed a place where a miniature photograph could be inserted.

"Whose photograph?" I asked.

"The young lady's, bean," answered the jeweler. "I don't know which of you two gentlemen is the one; but whichever it is, it's him."

That enigmatic speech of the jeweler's first set me wondering which of us really was Cerise's young man—Knowles or me?

"It's like this," said Knowles to me, interrupting my speculations. "When you marry her, she won't want a photograph of you, because she'll always possess the original."

"That's very true," I said. "It would only be waste of money to put my photo in. Still, I suppose we shall have to put someone's—we might have a photo of McKinley."

"Or one of me?" suggested Knowles. It was just like him to think of the right thing on the spur of the moment. It would never have occurred to me if I'd wondered and puzzled for years. But, as I have already mentioned, I am not smart or bright, like some folks. I am a slow thinker, but a deep one, and I like to go into details.

Then came the question of paying for this gimcrack! Seventy-five dollars! I stared. It was not expensive, I said—oh no! It was monstrous—ruinous—"beyond the dreams of avarice!" Why, my grandfather's clock didn't cost as much as that little watch, and was a thousand times the size!

"We had better buy Cerise something cheaper," I said—"a box of chocolates, or a hymn book."

Once more Knowles came to the rescue. He would pay for the bracelet himself. Was there no end to his generosity? I asked myself.

"Since you have chosen this bracelet," I said, "when we came out of the shop, and paid for it, and are going to have your photograph inside it, and are going to present it with your own hands, won't it look rather as if it was your present to Cerise, and not mine?"

"It may have that appearance," said Knowles. "But so long as we know that it is your present, what does it matter who pays for it or whose photo it contains?"

There seemed to be no difficulty which Knowles could not explain away.

Concerning this minor incident of the bracelet, it only remains for me to mention how Cerise thanked me for "my" present.

"It was so kind of you—oh, so generous!—so very, very magnanimous! I am sure it was not you, but your better nature, which prompted the gift. It was particu-

larly thoughtful of you to put Mr. Knowles's miniature inside it. It was most thoughtful and unselfish of you!"

The next step in my courtship of Cerise, Knowles said, was to take the lady out somewhere.

"Where?" asked I. "Around the fields, to show her the farm?"

He quite laughed at this. It must be something more frivolous than a farm. I must take her to a picnic. Well, I hadn't got a picnic. Then I must take her to somebody else's picnic. How would somebody else like that? I asked the question.

"Suppose I give a picnic myself?" said I. That wouldn't do, Knowles said. I was a bachelor and hadn't got a chaperon. What was a chaperon for? So that the young people could make love with propriety, he said. Did they make love to the chaperon? asked I. No. Then what was she there for? For propriety's sake. I began to see the idea at last. Knowles could always make complicated matters so lucid.

"It's a sort of triangular arrangement," he said. "The lovers try whether they can't hoodwink the chaperon, and she tries whether she can't hoodwink herself. It's like everyone playing a losing game."

The picnic was to be arranged in this way:

We would get Cerise's mother to give the picnic; but Knowles would pay for the food and arrange the whole business. But, then, I should be taking Cerise to her own picnic, I objected. Not at all, he said. It would be my picnic; Mrs. Burroughs would give it; and he would pay for it. That man had a marvelous head for doing things by proxy.

Knowles chose a charming sylvan spot, some distance from the town.

Before long, Cerise and Knowles and I got lost. It was really Knowles's fault, for he declared he knew the way about those woods. But what did I care whether we were lost or not? What a happy three we were! If I'd been alone with Cerise, I should never have found a word to say, except about the price of lumber, perhaps. And lumber always bored Cerise. There was quite enough lumber in my head already, she used to tell me. But with Knowles there to make all the conversation, I could look at Cerise, and fancy that all his sparkling sentences were rippling out of my own mouth. There was never a more decided refutation of the proverb that three's no company. However, bliss can't last for ever. Knowles and Cerise not only lost the way, but after a while they lost me too. I don't know how it happened. Perhaps it was my mistake. I was stooping down to pick some fern leaves for Cerise, and when I looked up they had disappeared. It was a great pity.

That evening I spoke plainly to Knowles. "Look here," I said. "I am getting quite tired of all these ceremonies of courtship. What with odes, and flowers, and bracelets, and picnics, surely, the girl is courted by this time. I've had enough of it. I'm going to ask her whether it isn't time we got married."

"You needn't trouble to do that," said Knowles. "I have done it for you."

This was more than I expected. It was all very well for Knowles to show me how to woo. But he might have left the finishing touch to me. I told him that I thought he had overdone things a trifle.

"Not at all," he said, in his quiet way. "You've asked the girl to marry you twenty times; she's always said, 'No. The very first time I ask her, she says—'

"Yes?"

"To be exact, her words were, 'Bless you, darling!'"

"By the way, I suppose you thoroughly explained to Cerise that you were acting on my behalf, and not on your own?" I said.

"I fear I didn't make that quite clear," he replied. Then he asked:

"Did I write the odes to her, or did you?"

"I took the money in a sort of dazed manner, and stammered out, 'I—why—I—I want to go into business.'"

"Business!" exclaimed father, contemptuously, "what do you know about managing the mercantile business? Get a clerkship and learn the alphabet before you talk to me of business." And father left me then to ponder on his words. And that fifty dollars was the last money my father ever gave me, till at his death I received my part of the property by inheritance.

"I felt hard and bitter then, felt my father was a stingy old fogey, and mentally resolved to prove to him that I could live without his money. He had roused my pride—just what he intended, I suppose. For three days I looked about for a place to make lots of money. But I found no such chances, and at length I accepted a clerkship in a large retail store at \$400 a year."

"Another bit of father's 'stinginess' at this time was demanding two dollars a week for my board through that first year."

"At the end of my first year I had laid aside \$200, and the next year, my salary being raised \$100, I had \$300 laid by."

"One hundred cents meant more to me in those days than \$100 had previously."

"At the end of four years' clerking I went to my father with \$1,500 of my own, and asked him if he was willing to help me enter business. Even then he would only let me hire the money, \$2,000 at six per cent."

"To-day I am called a successful business man. And I have my father to thank for it. Those lessons in self-denial, self-respect and independence which he gave me—though hard at the time—put the manhood into me."

"Years afterward, father told me it cost him the hardest struggle of his life to be so hard with his boy. But he felt it was the only course to make a man of me. Many a time we laughed heartily over that little two-dollar board-bill."

Here Rests Your Hope.

New remedies come, and new remedies go; but Scott's Emulsion is the great rock foundation on which hope of recovery from weak throats and lungs must rest. It is the standard of the world.

After a spin along the country roads, there is nothing so refreshing and revivifying as a teaspoonful of

By the Wayside.

Abbey's Effervescent Salt

in a tumbler of water. It refreshes and revives you, and adds fifty per cent. to the pleasure and healthfulness of wheeling. Carry a bottle in your kit, and without the assistance of ice you can have a cooling as well as a refreshing drink.

Recommended by physicians and medical journals, and sold by all druggists at 60 cents a large bottle. Trial size, 25 cts.

After a spin along the country roads, there is nothing so refreshing and revivifying as a teaspoonful of

Abbey's Effervescent Salt

in a tumbler of water. It refreshes and revives you, and adds fifty per cent. to the pleasure and healthfulness of wheeling. Carry a bottle in your kit, and without the assistance of ice you can have a cooling as well as a refreshing drink.

Recommended by physicians and medical journals, and sold by all druggists at 60 cents a large bottle. Trial size, 25 cts.

"You."

"Did I wear her forget-me-nots in my button hole, or did you?"

"You."

"Did you think of taking her to a picnic?"

"No."

"Did you get lost with her, or did I?"

"You."

"Did you kiss her?"

"Never! Alas!"

"Did you tell her she was the sweetest girl in all the world?"

"Durned if I did!"

"Did you propose to her?"

"Twenty times!"

"Another point to you; but I'm still points in hand. Did she accept you?"

"It seems not."

"Well, that makes an odd trick. Now, I ask you, as a plain, straightforward gentleman and a cider merchant, whether, after all these services I have performed for you—whether I do not deserve some gratitude from you?"

I granted him that if ever mortal merited thanks from fellow-mortal, he had earned eternal obligations from me.

"I have done everything for you," he said, "except one thing. There is still one small service, and only one, which remains for me to do."

"What is that?"

"To marry the girl for you."

Which he accordingly did. And I was best man.

There's nothing like being a consistent fool all the way through.

How Every Reader of This Paper Can Get Either a Watch or a Fifty-Six Piece Decorated Tea Set Free.

About a month ago I saw an advertisement in a religious paper where W. H. Baird & Co., 70 Telephone Bldg., Pittsburg, Pa., wanted a few agents to sell their Non-Alcoholic Flavoring Powders. These powders are used to flavor ice-cream, custards, cakes, candies and deserts of all kinds and one box will go twice as far as one bottle of the liquid flavorings. I have sold from one to eight boxes in almost every house, and where once sold you have a permanent customer, as the powders are so delicate and give such a rich flavor. Any flavors you cannot sell, however, they will take back. I sold two gross of them in two days and as a premium I got a beautiful decorated tea set. Any lady needing a tea set like mine can get one free in this way, besides making a large profit on the goods she sells. Write to them and they will send you full particulars and premium catalogue of hundreds of useful and beautiful household articles. They started me in the business and they will do the same for others.

MRS. H. B.

Starting a Young Man Right.

"If more fathers would take a course with their sons similar to the one my father took with me," observed one of the leading business men of Boston, "the boys might think it hard at the time, but they'd thank him in after life."

"What sort of a course?" we asked.

"Well, I was a young fellow of twenty-two, just out of college, and I felt myself of considerable importance. I knew my father was well off, and my head was full of foolish notions of having a good time and spending lots of money. Later on I expected father to start me in business, after I'd 'swelled' a while at clubs and with fine horse-flesh."

"Like a wise man, father saw through my folly, and resolved to prevent my self-destruction, if it were possible."

"If the boy's got the right stuff in him let him prove it. I heard father say to mother one day, 'I worked hard for my money, and I don't intend to let Ned squander it and ruin himself besides.'"

"That very day father came along and handed me fifty dollars, remarking, 'Ned, take that money, spend it as you choose, but understand this much: It's the last dollar of my money you can have till you prove yourself capable of earning money and taking care of it on your own account.'"

"I took the money in a sort of dazed manner, and stammered out, 'I—why—I—I want to go into business.'"

"Business!" exclaimed father, contemptuously, "what do you know about managing the mercantile business? Get a clerkship and learn the alphabet before you talk to me of business." And father left me then to ponder on his words. And that fifty dollars was the last money my father ever gave me, till at his death I received my part of the property by inheritance."

"I felt hard and bitter then, felt my father was a stingy old fogey, and mentally resolved to prove to him that I could live without his money. He had roused my pride—just what he intended, I suppose. For three days I looked about for a place to make lots of money. But I found no such chances, and at length I accepted a clerkship in a large retail store at \$400 a year."

"Another bit of father's 'stinginess' at this time was demanding two dollars a week for my board through that first year."

"At the end of my first year I had laid aside \$200, and the next year, my salary being raised \$100, I had \$300 laid by."

"One hundred cents meant more to me in those days than \$100 had previously."

"At the end of four years' clerking I went to my father with \$1,500 of my own, and asked him if he was willing to help me enter business. Even then he would only let me hire the money, \$2,000 at six per cent."

To-day I am called a successful business man. And I have my father to thank for it. Those lessons in self-denial, self-respect and independence which he gave me—though hard at the time—put the manhood into me."

Years afterward, father told me it cost him the hardest struggle of his life to be so hard with his boy. But he felt it was the only course to make a man of me. Many a time we laughed heartily over that little two-dollar board-bill."

Here Rests Your Hope.

Originality by the Pound  
Original in Flavor

Original in Quality  
Original in Value



IS SO ORIGINAL IN GENERAL GOODNESS THAT A CRITICAL PUBLIC IS TAKING IT FREELY.

Lead Packets Only 25c., 30c., 40c., 50c., 60c. All Grocers

### Parables of the Wise and the Foolish Woman.

BY KATHLEEN GRAY NELSON.

THERE were two women journeying along life's highway, and one was wise and one was foolish.

"How beautiful! how perfect!" cried the Satisfied One, pointing to the scintillating bubbles that floated above their heads.

But the Unsatisfied One reached up and caught them, and when they melted at her touch she mourned.

"See the roses," said the Satisfied One. "Are they not sweet?"

But the other plucked them eagerly, and they shattered in her hands, and only the thorns remained.

"Dry your tears and behold the glory of the clouds," entreated the Satisfied One. "Such a wondrous picture was never painted by mortal hands, for they are the color scale of God."

But the Unsatisfied One rose into them and found them but colorless vapor.

"Look! the moon and the stars are brought down to earth," quoth the Satisfied One, as she gazed on the placid waters of the lake.

But that other one reached down for them and would not be comforted when she dug up naught but mud and slime.

"Listen, listen to the laughter of the living," said the Satisfied One. "Sweeter music I never heard," and she joined in merrily; but, alas! the other put her ear too close, and the laughter turned into a mocking shout, and she wept aloud.

At last on the confines of earth stood these two spirits, and the Satisfied One looked longingly down the path of vanished days.

"It was good to be there," she said. "It was blessed to be alive."

But the Unsatisfied One turned her weary eyes to the vast unknown and held out yearning arms.

"Surely, surely there is—there must be—something better than that," she moaned, "else had I not been forever unsatisfied."

Then they passed from sight, each a different way.

And one of them was wise, and one was foolish.

A woman knelt in adoration before her idol, and an Unbeliever paused to pity her.

"Why bow before that mocking image?" she asked. "I assure you it is a most grotesque and horrible thing."

"How dare you?" cried the Worshipper. "It is the most beautiful idol in all the world, and I ask nothing better than to adore it."

"Beautiful!" said the Unbeliever scornfully. "Why, its very heart is black."

"That is my fault," the Worshipper said hastily, as she poured her own heart's blood upon it.

"The feet are cloven," the Unbeliever went on, but the woman who worshipped knelt in silence and kissed them.

"See, it is leering at you," said the Unbeliever with a shudder, but the Worshipper threw a veil across her idol's face and swore it was smiling sweetly.

"Its eyes do not look at you but at another woman," cried the Unbeliever triumphantly, and at this the Worshipper turned upon her in fierce anger.

"Did you never have a god," she questioned, "that you should come and torture me? Torment me no longer, for I am satisfied."

Then the Unbeliever answered low: "Yes, I once had an idol too, and I was content to worship it. But at last my eyes were opened, and I saw it was false, and I hurried it from its pinnacle and mocked it."

"And are you happier now?" asked the other.

The Unbeliever shook her head. "I am the most desolate of women," she answered sadly.

"Then go your way and leave me in peace," cried the Worshipper, "for I am happy."

But the Unbeliever lingered. "Answer me one question and I shall go," she said at last.

"Do you get anything in return for what you give?"

The Worshipper pondered deeply. "I never thought of that," she confessed. "When I give all, I ask nothing in return save to be allowed to



# About Furs

## WHERE DRESSED AND DYED

### The Difference Between Genuine and Imitation Furs

#### Valuable Information From James H. Rogers

The art of dyeing furs has reached such a high state of perfection that the commonest kind of imitation fur can be made to look like the genuine. Electric seal are dyed to look like seal, and are advertised by some dealers as Canada seal, Baltic seal, etc. Opossum is dyed to look like stone marten. Pine marten is blended to look like Russian sable. Natural muskrat

#### BELIEVES IN ADVERTISING

In this rapid age, unless one does advertise, he will lose his identity; but I do not do so for advertisement; that is contrary to facts. What is the use of advertising to sell a gold dollar for 60 cents? Every sensible person knows that it cannot be done. The same holds good with regard to merchandise.

#### VARIETY STORES CRITICIZED

It is impossible for shopkeepers who deal in drygoods, carpets, books, hardware, furniture, soap bowls, millinery, clothing, butter and eggs, furs, soap, drugs, fish, meat, etc., to be thoroughly informed on everything they sell, and especially furs, which require so much knowledge. The job lot store buyers go through the fur market not so much to look for goods which will wear well and give satisfaction, as for something cheap, in order to advertise cheaper than their neighbors. These stores have enormous expenses for advertising, rent, interest on

#### LAW SHOULD PROHIBIT DISHONEST ADVERTISING

What is advertised as Electric Seal is Electric Rabbit, and there should be a law preventing misleading advertising. The best class of ladies who have worn furs for a number of years can detect the variety shop garment on the street, and these ladies do not go to the variety shops to buy their furs. They would be ashamed to wear them. It is only the inexperienced, who have no knowledge of the goods they purchase but depend upon the

#### PERSIAN LAMB

Neither England nor Canada can dye Persian Lamb skins well. Canadians, however, have attempted to dye Persian Lamb skins, but not successfully. The skins lack the beautiful gloss of the German dye; they turn rusty and the pelt becomes brittle after being worn a short time, whereas the German-dyed Persian Lamb skins will wear from six to ten

#### THE DURABLE FURS

I am making over to the new shape Seal garments sold twelve years ago, and a Mink garment which I sold at the

#### FURS SHOULD BE PROPERLY DRESSED

It is important that fur pelts used for manufacturing should be properly cured and dressed, and it is to be regretted that more attention is not paid to this important factor. Sable, Mink, Chinchilla and other natural furs made into garments from properly cured and dressed skins will wear well and retain their natural

#### COMPETES WITH THE WORLD IN PRICES OF RELIABLE FURS.

Possessing facilities for purchasing furs in large quantities in the markets of the world, manufacturing on my own premises, using improved machinery and skilled labor, I am able to compete with any reliable house in the world. I am better prepared this season to supply Seal skins of which I have an immense assortment. Also choice Mink, Chinchilla, Persian Lamb, Otter, Stone Marten and other genuine furs, which I purchased in large quantities. I am using every effort to induce Canadians who formerly purchased abroad to buy their furs at home. I am

#### ALL FUR REPAIRING

attended to promptly, carefully and well. I will gladly furnish estimates. Bring your furs and garments to be remodelled into this season's best styles.

#### WRITE FOR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE

Sent Free to any part of the World.

## JAMES H. ROGERS

84 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.

296 Main St., Winnipeg, Man.

Formerly located at the Corner of King and Church Sts., Toronto

TELEPHONE 165

All Good with the Firm Name Carry the Guarantee of Reliability.



At the "BELL" factory there is but one quality—the very highest. There are no "seconds."

No second grade material—no second grade help—no second grade ideas.

On every piano name of the maker, "BELL."

The personal reputation of the manufacturers is staked on every piano that is made in the "BELL" factory.

It is the "BELL" piano which gives the power to imitate 16 different stringed instruments, such as a harp, zither, etc., which enables you to produce beautiful effects.

All these charming effects can be had in addition to the pure, sweet tone of the piano, which is the acknowledged leader of Canadian pianos.

The "BELL" is the only piano that is guaranteed for TEN years.

Send for Catalogues and prices to

**BELL PIANO WAREHOUSES**

Toronto Hamilton  
London

If you are ill you need a doctor in whom you have confidence.

If you need a remedy you want one that has been tested for years; not an obscure, untried thing that is urged upon you, or on which you save a few cents—that is no consideration as against health.

For wasting in children or adults, Scott's Emulsion of Cod-liver Oil with Hypophosphites has been the recognized remedy for twenty-five years.

See and \$1.00, all druggists.  
SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto.

#### Corset Comfort



Correct cut, superiority and lightness of steel bones and material combine to make the P. D. not only the most stylish, but also the only thoroughly comfortable corset made. Its great durability is the natural result of scientific construction and of high quality material. Never buy a light weight corset unless it is a P. D.

Never wear an uncomfortable corset, change and try on until you get the proper form and size to suit you. The celebrated French, tailor-cut

**P. D.**

is the lightest, strongest, most comfortable, most fashionable and best corset made. In all sizes and for all figures \$1 to \$30 per pair.

#### PIN... MONEY

A lady's pin money is on constant call for new gloves. "Always wanting a pair of gloves" is the story. Do you know how well we clean gloves—make them like new. Costs little—leaving your pin money for other needs.

R. PARKER & CO., Dyers and Cleaners  
Head Office & Works—187-191 Yonge St.  
Toronto. Branches—39 King St. West, 201 Yonge St., 471 Queen St. West, 1267 Queen St. West, 277 Queen St. East.  
Phones—3037, 3640, 2143, 1001, 5698.



Every package guaranteed. The 5 lb. carton of Table Salt is the nearest package on the market. For sale by all first-class grocers.

#### Old Count and Young Wife.

A Story That Sounds Like a Tale of the Middle Ages.



A GUESSE story is now current in Paris, and meets with great success in the elegant drawing-rooms, as does nowadays everything that has a touch of the ghastly in it. Last year a beautiful girl belonging to a poor and decayed aristocratic family, Jacqueline de Raveneau, married, evidently without enthusiasm, the old Comte de R—. For months after the wedding, which was a great social event, the couple were seen everywhere. No first night, or important race meeting, or exhibition of pictures would have been considered really fashionable if the young bride had not been there, leaning amiably on the arm of her husband, and wearing, as was her whim, almost constantly a long clinging black velvet dress, costly black furs, and a hat ornamented with a profusion of rather striking pink velvet roses.

Suddenly, one day, her friends and admirers were startled by the news that she was to accompany the Comte on a trip to the wildest parts of Brittany; and this in the middle of winter. The project appeared selfish to some, most suspicious to others, and the "others" proved to be right, for the Comte and his pretty wife were never seen again in Paris, and the most mysterious story was told by an old Breton, a village coachman, to the scared friends of the young lady.

The couple had spent the night in the inn nearest to the old Castle of Ker-Guivarch, where the Comte, who was a scholar and a member of the Ecole des Chartes, in Paris, said he wanted to make a few archaeological researches; this being one of the numerous pretexts he had given for his untimely journey. In the morning they hired a carriage and started to visit the ruins. "Nothing in the behavior of the Comtesse betrayed the slightest uneasiness," said the loquacious innkeeper; "she certainly did not look very bright, but how could she? Her husband was so old and grave!" The Comte carried in his hand a heavy book, which he seemed to consult anxiously all along the road. At the gate of the castle he alighted from the carriage and helped his wife out. She was shivering with cold, in spite of her thick fur mantle, which was insufficient to protect her from the icy wind. Then both disappeared.

This was at eleven in the morning. At two in the afternoon the old coachman was still standing at the head of his horse, and felt a terror slowly invading him. What had happened? At last he tied his animal to a hook near the old postern, and, trembling with fear, he entered the ruins. For a long time he searched about and called, but he found no one and heard no answer. At last he went back to the village half-dead with fright. His looks were so haggard that the suspicions of the authorities were roused at once, and he was taken back to the castle between twogendarmes and followed by all the villagers some of whom threw stones and handfuls of earth at his head. But no traces of the Comte and Comtesse were discovered, and the driver was ultimately set at liberty. The investigation surmised that, most probably, the Comte and his wife had met their death on a narrow terrace, slightly slanting toward the sea, where the waves would come at times and unexpectedly carry everything away.

The sad event was soon forgotten in Paris, but not so by the people in the village, for they knew that if the couple had been carried away by the treacherous waves their bodies would have been washed ashore at a certain place on the coast. A brilliant Parisian officer, the Baron S—, had also not forgotten the young and beautiful Comtesse; rumor says now that he had loved her before her marriage, and adds that he had not ceased his visits to her afterward, in spite of the stern husband and his threatening frowns. He sent in his resignation at once and disappeared; but he did not go farther than the little village inn, and, having made himself a friend of the old coachman, he would go day after day with him roving about the ruins or scouring along the coast under the old dungeons. But the young Parisian came back every night paler and paler.

He had a letter of introduction from the Ecole des Chartes to the monks of the ancient monastery of St. Brandan, which is almost at the gate of the castle, and he asked them to show him all the old documents concerning Ker-Guivarch, for he had heard mysterious whispers about the ruins. One day he was found unconscious in a corner of the library. Before him was a book open at the following passage:

"It is not, as people say, that demons and goblins haunt the walls and the vaults of the dreaded Castle of Ker-Guivarch, where so many people have come never to be seen again. But the master of the castle had their revenge on their enemies. They induced them to come to a certain place from whence one could see a big and curiously shaped rock. There, as soon as they had put their foot on a certain step, the stone would give way and they were precipitated into a deep hole, communicating with the sea, where thousands of sea monsters were eagerly waiting for prey. In less than a day they would have completely devoured the victims, leaving not the slightest scrap of flesh or bone to tell the tale."

The young officer died without having recovered his senses, and the monks of St. Brandan, not guessing the dreadful story, had kept the book open, and shown the paragraph to his brother, who at once understood the ghastly mystery. The Comte was old and jealous—the Comtesse was young and coquette. The Comte, thanks to his archaeological studies, knew the revolving step at Ker-Guivarch, and, too selfish to die alone, had taken with him his bride, whom he believed to be unfaithful. The secret was not strictly

#### After Being Thoroughly Blended

## Ludella CEYLON TEA

is packed in air-tight lead packages, thus retaining all the flavor of the natural leaf. Every blend is carefully tested before being packed. That's why Ludella makes the best drink.

Lead Packages

25, 40, 50 and 60c.

## Iron and Brass Beds

We have the finest selection of Plain and Fancy Beds in the city.

Our Brass Beds are all best English make. We are direct importers and sole agents for two of the leading English makers. Prices always the lowest.

**Schomberg Furniture Co.**

651-653  
YONGE ST.

## Bond's Soap

WILL

CLEANSE  
EVERYTHING BUT  
CLOTHES

POLISH  
EVERYTHING BUT  
MANNERS

BRIGHTEN  
EVERYTHING BUT  
IDEAS

BURNISH  
EVERYTHING BUT  
LEAD

kept by M. de S—'s young brother, and there is now something deliciously frightful and worth shuddering at to talk about in the gay circles of Paris.

#### Not Guilty.

Miss Asenath Harper is "getting along in years," a fact which she is unwilling to accept.

She wears very youthful clothes; in fact, she has been described by a waggish neighbor as "sheep dressed lamb-fashion." And sometimes when the world pushes her into the niche where it thinks she belongs, Miss Asenath rebels.

One day she was talking merrily with a party of young girls. Her cheeks were pink and her little curls fluttering. She laughed a great deal.

"O Miss Asenath," at last exclaimed one of the girls innocently, "how gay you must have been!"

"Have been!" repeated the lady indignantly. "Have been! Well, I'd have you know I'm not a centurion yet!"

"What will be the cost of the war?" asked Queen Augusta, when French and Germans grew belligerent. "Only a Napoleon," replied Bismarck.

#### Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.

For over fifty years Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used by mothers for their children who teething. Are you disturbed at night and broken in your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth? If so, send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething. It is a sure remedy. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it. Mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures the pain, regulates the stomach and bowels, cures whooping cough, soothes the gums, reduces inflammation, gives tone and energy to the whole system. At Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething is the oldest and best female physician and nurse in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup."

#### Holiday Newness

You can have that touch of "holiday newness" about your clothes at very little expense by using those English home dyes of high quality—Maypole Soap Dyes.

They wash and dye at one operation. The colors are fast and brilliant and won't crock or streak in

#### Maypole Soap Dyes

10 cents (15 for black) of best grocers and druggists.



#### You Can Keep The Fire Going

From Fall 1911 - going in the new

#### Imperial Oxford RANGE

On less fuel than other ranges require, and you'll find the oven always ready at a moment's notice for anything you wish.

This range can't be equalled for ease of control and economy with fuel—it's the newest and very best "stove thing" ever made.

See its many patented improvements for yourself at the Oxford Store, 469 Queen West, or at any of our agents.

The Gurney Foundry Co., Limited  
TORONTO.



#### BOVRIL THE ONLY RELIABLE FLUID BEEF

BOVRIL GIVES STRENGTH

BOVRIL IS RELISHED BY INVALIDS

BOVRIL ENRICHES SOUPS, GRAVIES, ETC.



## TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD - Editor

SATURDAY NIGHT is a Twelve-page, hand-somely illustrated paper, published weekly, and devoted to its readers.

Sixteen pages are often given to subscribers in a single weekly issue without extra charge.

OFFICE:  
SATURDAY NIGHT BUILDING  
Adelaide Street West - Toronto  
Ontario, Canada.

TELEPHONE (Business Office) No. 1709  
Editorial Rooms.

Subscriptions will be received on the following terms:  
One Year ..... \$3 00  
Six Months ..... 1 00  
Three Months ..... 50

Delivered in Toronto, per annum extra.

Advertising rates made known on application at the business office.

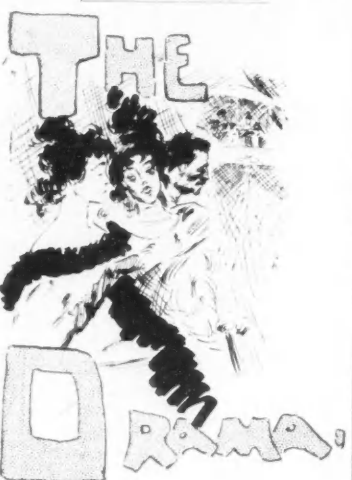
THE SHEPPARD PUBLISHING COMPANY  
LIMITED, PROPRIETORS.

Vol. 12 TORONTO, NOV. 26, 1898. [No. 2]

## Saturday Night's Christmas.

Out To Day—Table of Contents.

Nelson's Last Signal, colored plate, drawn by Margaret Curran.  
The Killing of Juan Aparicio, an historical episode of the Republic of Guatemala, by Edmund E. Sheppard, illustrated from photographs and from drawings by J. Allen.  
Brides of the Year, photographic groups arranged and designed by A. H. Howard.  
Rebel Met Rebel, a story by Mack, illustrated by J. S. Gordon.  
The Bishop, the Parson and the Parson's Chum, a story by Robert Jackson, illustrated by J. E. Laughlin.  
The Miller's Seal, a story by Octave Flanet, illustrated by W. T. Thompson.  
Christmas Fables, with Morals for the New Year, by W. Gurney Benham, illustrated by Ferguson Kyle.  
Trout Fishing in Muskoka, Canada, page drawing by A. H. H. Heming.  
Two Weeks Before the Mast, a story by Charles Lewis Shaw, illustrated by R. G. Mathews.  
Christmas With the Queen, by S. A. Tooley, illustrated by Ferguson Kyle, from sketches supplied by author.  
Love Me, Love My Dog, a story by Mrs. J. K. Lawson, illustrated by J. E. Laughlin.  
The Harvesters at the Victorian Era Ball, from a photograph by J. Fraser Bryce.  
The Rejoicing of the Stout Gentleman, a story by Marjory MacMurchy.  
Within a Year, a story by Lady Johnson, illustrated.  
The Colonel's Guest, a story by W. A. Fraser, illustrated by B. Martin Justice.  
With this Number goes a beautiful colored plate—something unusually chaste, artistic and decorative—entitled The Mystery of the Morn. It has been unreservedly praised by the leading Canadian artists, and will to-day be placed on view everywhere throughout Canada. Christmas Number, with plates, in tubes, price fifty cents.



TORONTO may safely congratulate herself upon the chance that enabled Manager O. B. Sheppard to secure the Strand Comedy Company for the present week at the Grand Opera House in a brace of Partridges. Charles Frohman brought this company out from England to open his new theater in New York, and a brace of Partridges would have run much longer but that Frohman was under contract with another company. The Strand Comedy had a week to spare before sailing to re-open at the London Strand, and as the Grand had an open date as the players had a desire to run into Canada before going home—the matter was arranged, and a brace of Partridges is delighting Toronto people this week.

There is something new and refreshing in the way these English play actors go through this piece. The London actor is as different from his New York contemporary as is the average Briton from the average Yankee. One may prefer either, yet vastly enjoy an experience of the other. Mr. Reeves-Smith's walk on the stage is not the stage walk that we see all season. He has brought it with him from abroad, and in our unacquaintance with it it proves to be an eccentricity that fascinates us. He also has a quietness of speech and a restfulness of demeanor that belongs, no doubt, to the school from which he comes rather than to himself, and which we never see in an actor trained in New York. A brace of Partridges played by a New York company would be boisterous, hurried, doctored with much by-play. For instance, the city waiter, who proves so acceptable to the audience in the first act, and does not appear in the second, would almost certainly be dragged up to London by a Yankee manager and made to appear in the second act. A New York playwright would have so written it on some shallow pretext—a New York Spiffins would insist upon it. George Shelton, as Spiffins the waiter from the

city who has come down to serve in a country inn for the benefit of his health, is one of the most amusing characters we have seen for years. He looks like a character just stepped out of one of Dickens' works. He has put on breakfast for a guest who is not now in sight, and complains that he cannot search all over the countryside for him. "I'm a waiter, not a bloodhound," he says. Spiffins is a treat. H. Reeves-Smith plays a double role, Hon. Arthur Partridge and Mr. Alfred Partridge, and the way he follows



The Poor Girl who said "Good bye."

himself on and off the stage is astonishing. Not a man in the audience but marvels how he manages to change his trousers so many times and so quickly. But the better work is found in the way he changes his mannerisms—and never once mixes his two tones and characters—changing over and over again from the quiet, sober Arthur, to the nervous, humorous Alfred. This is genuine acting.

Indeed, the whole company aims at genuineness. We have grown accustomed to seeing entire companies groping ever for applause at any cost to art or truth, and this company, without greed in this regard, fares better than any of them. There is talk of a national theater in New



Partridge and Spiffins.

York. This company, or another from London, might wisely be secured to play before New York actors to illustrate the truth that all comedies need not be farces, and that all applause need not be implored, insisted upon and waited for. It is quite certain that Toronto people will turn out and fill the Grand at the closing performances of this clever production. The curtain-raiser that precedes the comedy is very disappointing; it is dull of itself and poorly done, yet it serves to throw the real production into strong relief.

Two Little Vagrants has been renewing its popularity at the Toronto Opera House this week. In it Miss Mildred Holland comes about as near an exact portrayal of a boy as a woman can hope for. It is rather a woman's ideal than the actual masculine character. Still, as a boy naturally is somewhat of a stoic in showing any but the most material feelings, it would be hard to show a boy's inner character if absolute truth to nature were preserved. But as a woman's boy, Fan Fan is about perfect. He is honorable, brave, soft-hearted and instinctively polite. He pleases both the feminine and the masculine eye in that he is a sturdy, healthy-looking lad with a good open-air complexion.

Two Little Vagrants no doubt lost something coming through the dreaded ordeal of being adapted for the American stage, but enough originality and un-American individuality remain to make it one of the strongest "popular" plays we see here. The company presenting it is also unusually good.

On Wednesday afternoon Dr. Carlyle, the gifted reader, entertained a select audience in the music hall of the Toronto College of Music, Pembroke street, with Cyrano de Bergerac. At the present time Rostand's play is attracting world-wide attention, and Dr. Carlyle's conception of it is of value. On next Wednesday afternoon at 3:30, Dr. Carlyle will, at the same place, treat of The Lady of Lyons.

This is the last week of Richard Mansfield in Cyrano de Bergerac at the Garden, and the final fortnight in New York, the other half of the time being allotted to the Harlem Opera House, after which the play will be taken to Chicago. Other and less adequate productions of the Rostand



Stubbs, Peggy Stubbs.

work in English have seemed to serve as advertisements of Mr. Mansfield's, and burlesques have exploited it.

George Monroe as Her Majesty the Cook will appear at the Toronto Opera House next week. George Monroe has been in Toronto before, although not in this new production, and we know him to be a clever female impersonator and jolly comedian. They say that as the cook he serves up some fine dishes of fun.

The concert given by C. LeRoy Kenney and Bert Harvey proved to be very enjoyable. There is a decided development in Mr. Kenney's work and he makes ever better use of his decided talents. Mr. Harvey is always delightful, and his I Want to be a Soldier made quite a hit.

It is expected that the Royal Italian Opera Company will sing at the Grand Opera House for the first half of next week. For the balance of the week Primrose & Dockstader's Minstrels will occupy the boards.

Exceptionally good business is being done by The Highwayman this season. De Koven and Smith expect that it will prove a regular Robin Hood so far as continued popularity is concerned.

It is proposed to put on theater cars on some of the leading railways running out of New York. In these will be given vaudeville performances.

It is now expected that On and Off will run all winter at the Madison Square Theater. The photograph in the second act makes a lot of fun.

The Battle of San Juan is being presented this week at the Pleasure Theater, New York, in the form of a spectacular melodrama.

The quarrel between Robert Hilliard and the manager of Sporting Life has been patched up and the play again has its hero.

Great interest is being shown in the tour of Madame Modjeska this season. People are taking kindly to tragedy for a change.

The Cummings Stock Company will produce Wilson Barrett's fine play, Hoodman Blind, next week at the Princess.

William H. Crane is at the Knickerbocker Theater, New York, playing a new piece entitled Worth a Million.

The Christian is to be produced in England by Wilson Barrett on Hall Caine's return from America.

People are renewing their acquaintance with Uncle Tom and his Cabin at the Princess this week.

Special matinees were given in all the theaters on Thanksgiving Day.

Sara Bernhardt has just celebrated her fifty-fourth birthday.

Rose Coghlan contemplates a tour as Carmen.

## Eccentricities of the Great.

EARLY all great scientific discoveries have been combated and misunderstood, even by great men. Admiral Sir Charles Napier fiercely opposed the introduction of steam power into the royal navy, and one day exclaimed in the House of Commons: "Mr. Speaker, when we enter Her Majesty's naval service and face the chances of war we go prepared to be hacked to pieces by cutlasses, to be riddled with bullets, or to be blown to bits by shot and shell; but, Mr. Speaker, we do not go prepared to be boiled alive!" The last words he brought out with tremendous emphasis. Steam power in men-of-war with boilers which at any moment might be shattered by an enemy's shot—this was a prospect the gallant sailor could not face. Yet in a few years Sir Charles Napier found himself in command of the largest steam navy that the world had ever seen. Lord Stanley (subsequently the great Lord Derby) presided over a select committee of the House of Commons to examine into the state of steam navigation. George Stephenson, the eminent engineer, who was examined, spoke of the probability of steamships crossing the Atlantic. "Good heavens! what do you say?" exclaimed Lord Stanley, rising from his seat. "If steamships cross the Atlantic I will eat the boiler of the first boat." That pledge was never redeemed.

A few years ago the Duke of Argyll was taken suddenly ill while delivering a lecture in a hall in Edinburgh, with Lord Kelvin in the chair. "When the aged peer was carried down to one of the ante-rooms," wrote one of the Scottish news-

papers, "one of the first things to be thought of was the lighting of a fire, and this task was tackled by the Duke's host, Lord Kelvin. But, instead of placing some paper in the grate and some wood on that, in the orthodox manner, he amazed the onlookers by desperate efforts to kindle a handful of sticks at a gas-burner!" Ordinary mortals, it was added, may be pardoned in taking some comfort to themselves on learning that "even so great a philosopher as Lord Kelvin does not know how to light a fire."

The pleasant coffee room of the old "Star and Garter" at Richmond—which was burned down in 1890—was patronized by statesmen, politicians and writers. On Saturday evenings it was regularly visited by a middle-aged gentleman of rather broad stature, with gray hair and a large shirt collar, which formed a conspicuous feature in his attire. He would dine always alone at a particular corner table, and after dinner it was his humor to build up before him a pyramid of tumblers and wine-glasses, which he topped with a decanter. Occasionally the whole structure would topple over and litter the table with its ruins. Then the middle-aged gentleman would rise, pay his bill, including the charge for broken glass, and depart. The waiters knew him well. He was Thomas Babington, Lord Macaulay!

The late Mr. Justice Keogh was in the latest years of his eventful career afflicted with an unpleasant failing of memory. On the occasion of a "bar dinner" at his house he went upstairs to dress, but did not reappear. The company sat patiently for some time, till at length—just as their hunger was getting the better of their manners and an emissary was being despatched to hunt up the missing Judge—his lordship appeared and explained with many apologies that, imagining he was retiring for the night, he had undressed and got into bed. After an hour's sleep he awoke, when it suddenly struck him that he had not yet dined, on which he hurried down to his guests. He once attended a representation of Macbeth in the Gaiety Theater, Dublin. It will be remembered that the witches, in reply to the Thane's enquiry what they were doing, declared they were doing "a deed without a name." Catching the sound of the words, and no doubt imagining he was on the bench in the Four Courts, Keogh exclaimed, to the astonishment of the audience, "A deed without a name! Why, it's not worth sixpence!"

It was clearly shown on Saturday last at Rosedale that pressmen who write on sport are, like pressmen who write on politics, likely to be overcome with confusion sooner or later if they are partizans rather than on an impartial knowledge of the merits of various Rugby teams. Your heated politician is not a safe prophet on matters political; the pressman who undertakes to shout for some one Rugby team gradually grows blind to values and sees only what he hopes to see—great merit in his favorite team and weaknesses in other teams. Other people cannot realize that the man believes that he is right, that the facts are behind him, and that the future will vindicate him. Other people know that he is championing a team that is inferior to others; its inferiority is so marked that they think he must know it—but they forget that he is misled by his affections and is as genuinely sure of his team as any of the actual players. But on Saturday the Varsity men played Ottawa City such a game as the Rough Riders never expected to meet with this

## "HOME SWEET HOME"



Impressions of Mr. Hall Caine.

year. All season the Toronto daily papers have openly or by implication treated the Varsity team as a lot of promising juniors who might do very well in a toy league, but not to be compared with Hamilton or Osgoode, and certainly not with Ottawa City. Of late the Mail has recognized, what I claim was apparent all along, that Varsity has been playing the only good senior Rugby in this part of the country. I said several weeks ago—after having seen all the teams play—that Varsity could outplay either Hamilton, Argonauts or Osgoode, and when the newspaper allies of Osgoode kept repeating that the legalities would play Varsity a close game, I replied that Osgoode had much to learn and much to forget before they could play a close game with Varsity. But no credit accrues to anyone for having recognized this—thousands of people saw it and spoke of it. Outside the sporting columns of the daily papers the superiority of Varsity over other local teams was fully admitted by all but the flatterers and blind followers of the Argonauts and Osgoodes. Every schoolboy in town knew it. It only remained for Saturday's game to demonstrate it.

Ottawa City was in some respects quite outplayed by the students; in some respects the students were outplayed—not that either; they were not outplayed anywhere, but they were outweighed. The smallest bit of luck, to say the least, would have seen Varsity finish with a score of 9 or 10 against Ottawa City's 7. The game was so well fought out that chance might almost as well have thrown the victory one way as the other. It was not a walk-over. It was the closest, hardest, best game of the year, and the Rough Riders won because of their strength in retaining possession of the ball, and because official whistles blew whenever a Varsity man raced over the Ottawa goal line. In each case the officials may have been right enough, but the faults penalized, whatever they were, had not contributed to the success of the manoeuvres which the whistles defeated. Messrs. Bayley and Fitzgibbon are among the best officials obtainable in Rugby, and no doubt they were quite right in all they did, or as nearly right as could possibly be. The point I am trying to make is this, that up to the last moment victory was as uncertain as the toss of a copper.

Throughout the game the Varsity men tackled—taking the team as a whole—as we have never seen it done before. In judging the excellence of the tackling we are compelled to consider the marvelous dodging of Kenny, McGee and Wilson. A dozen times the cry went up, "They're off!" as Rough Riders began a run, and people expected to see what had been seen against Argonauts and Osgoodes. But every time these runs came to sudden stops before going very far. Blackwood played a phenomenal game, sprinting and tackling as perhaps nobody else can. The only work that compared with his was Ripley's at Hamilton against Ottawa. Hills, McKenzie and Boyd, Burnside—it is perhaps unfair to mention even these when the team did so well. As for the Ottawa men, it may be said that they played their best game (no higher praise could be given) and without roughness. Indeed, the hard tackling of the students laid out many Rough Riders during the game.

Perhaps Ottawa College will refuse to play off with Ottawa City. The feeling between the two teams is not friendly, and there are those who predict that Ottawa College and Varsity will meet. There seems little likelihood of Varsity and Osgoode coming together, as there is really nothing to be settled by such a meeting. There clings in the public mind no doubt as to the strength of the two teams. The visit of a picked team to Buffalo for Thanksgiving Day may lead to very interesting international games another year. THE UMPIRE.



The Matron and the Matinee.

HE Matron had been induced to go to a matinee performance at the Princess Theater. Like many another Toronto matron she had always regarded the play-houses as pitfalls

and places of wickedness, where vice hovered like a contagion and tainted all who breathed its atmosphere. It was her great sorrow that her children persisted in going to such places. She was incessantly shocked when her daughters first suggested that she should go with them to a matinee, and she expressed herself so strongly that there seemed no likelihood of such a suggestion ever being made again.

But it was suggested again a week later. Why should she not go when Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Jones went once a week? Besides, it was not like going to see one of those traveling troupes; these people lived right in the city; and it was not as if she was paying a dollar—she could get a seat for fifteen cents.

She went—heavily veiled, terrified, ready to fly, but supported on each side by her daughters, who regularly visited the theaters. Only those can appreciate her state of mind, who have shunned and denounced a sin for fifty years, and then through weakness have allowed themselves to be openly led into it.

Would that policeman let her go in? Would he not stop her? If he even warned her she would still turn back. The daughters led her through the street doors of the theater into the moving crowd. With trembling hand she tightened the veil about her face.

"Brace up, mother," whispered one of her daughters with a laugh.

The Matron gave a low cough, but hastily tried to cover it with her hand, lest the sound should reveal her identity. She felt that if she was recognized she would be turned out because of the things she had often said about theaters; but perhaps it was her thick veil that saved her, for certainly no person seemed to take any notice of her. She was reassured somewhat to observe that the crowd, so far, at least, conducted itself very soberly—so far, strictly so far, she had observed no signs of nakedness, nor had heard evil language.

Inside! Her daughters were speaking to her, but she could not hear. Her soul was shocked. The lights and the music—it was brilliant and godless, no doubt.

Soon the play began. It was a very sad play in which a villainous fellow won a good girl for a wife by lying about the girl's real lover. Yes, and tried to kill the good young man and succeeded in robbing him of all his property. The Matron wept as she had not done for years, wept as did no other person in the theater, but she did not observe this. Then things took a swift turn—the villain was foiled, he was shot by one of his evil comrades and died unrepentant, villain that he was. Oh, a very bad man that, if ever there was one! One could hardly believe that anyone could be so bad. The good young man—gray in his hair now—and the poor girl kiss each other. "Yes, loved one, we will forget the horrible past." In a drench of tears the Matron started to see the curtain go down, the crowd jumping up and beginning to hurry out, elbowing rudely.

"Wait until the crowd gets out," said one of her daughters.

And so this is play-acting! That hussy was kissing that man and crying on his neck—the shameless hussy! And only pretending all the time. All but the kissing, no pretending about that, she'd warrant.

The Matron's handkerchief was working furiously inside her heavy veil as they emerged on King street.

"Well, mother, how did you like the play?" asked one of the daughters.

The Matron glared through her veil at her unnatural child. They boarded a car, and at the next corner a gentleman friend of the family entered. The Matron stared fixedly in another direction, but he came up and spoke to the daughters. She found it necessary to bow.

"Were you at the theater?" he asked brightly of the Matron.

"Certainly not," she declared indignantly.

Her red eyes showed through her veil; her indignant tone suggested to the man that the family had been overtaken by some swift trouble.

"Pardon me," he said. "You are in some trouble. I can see—"

"You can see nothing," she snapped. "I am in no trouble, at all. Stop the car; we shall get off here."

"Not here, mother," said the daughter. The friend of the family opened his eyes very wide, raised his hat, stepped to the rear and left the moving car at some danger to life and limb. The Matron glared in turn at her daughters, choking with stifled laughter.

Two weeks later the Matron again sat in the Princess witnessing a comedy that had not a tear in it. The friend of the family sat on one side, the two daughters on the other. She is a regular attendant now—goes once a week—and compares the different plays, the merits of the various members of the company, and last week financed the household so that all could go to the Grand to see MacDowell and Blanche Walsh in Antony and Cleopatra.

The Matron is a type. She typifies the city of Toronto, which is at last quickly overhauling her prejudices and getting saner views of very many things that have to do with life. C.

Stubbs, Peggy Stubbs.

Snarp, the bailiff.



## IN THE NORTH AFTER DEER.

Ten Days' Sport in the Swamps and Forests Along the Magnetawan.



FOR the next twelve months the hound-chased deer of the north woods will enjoy a thoroughly well-earned rest, for the season for shooting these prettiest of Canadian animals closed last week, and the bearded hunters and skeleton-like dogs have returned. There have been many sad disruptions in the deer families of Muskoka during the past fortnight, and many a buck is searching for a missing doe which has long since become venison.

The railway people will tell you that never before in the history of the country have so many people traveled to the north, and the baggagemen on south-bound trains will tell you that never before have they handled so many carcasses. In one car I counted forty-one deer and three bear cubs. And the Government inspectors might have had their eyes opened had they glanced at those carcasses. As everyone knows, there is a law prohibiting hunters from shooting at deer in the water. In such cases the animal has no chance. A man can paddle up to within a few yards of him and blow his head off. When a hunter shoots at a deer in the woods he never aims at his head, but at the shoulder, and this the inspectors should remember. They should investigate as to how it happens that fully half the deer shipped from Muskoka have been shot in the head. The chief offenders in this respect, as far as I could learn, were those who went away up in the wilds and lived in tents or boarded in lumber camps. It has also been noticed that animals shipped from distant northern points are invariably large splendid specimens, and the reason given is that these hunters kill more than the allotted number, feeding the small ones to the dogs or eating them in camp.

The district along the Magnetawan river was a favorite resort this year, and the majority of those who took this route thoroughly enjoyed themselves. The weather was excellent. There was not as much snow there as fell in Toronto. In fact, had there been more snow there would have been better sport, for the track of a foot greatly aids a dog in keeping on the scent and enables him to travel half as fast again as when he has to go on small snow. Hundreds of hounds roamed the woods this season, and although these are still considered by many the only proper dogs with which to chase deer, the collie is rapidly becoming a favorite. I have heard old hunters say that this Scottish scot has a keener sense of smell than a hound, and many instances are related of his starting deer in a swamp that the hounds had left in apparent disgust. But the collie has one fault. He runs too fast. When he gets after a buck he thoroughly frightens him and sends him along at such terrific speed that the hunter has scarcely time to raise his gun. At first a collie is useful, for he will run only a short distance after a deer, which will then be followed by the more methodical and less speedy hounds, but once he has seen a dead carcass or tasted venison, he will chase a deer across several counties. This season a collie actually cornered a doe only a few miles from Burk's Falls. He chased her from the woods into a field and was fighting with her when she was shot. It was afterwards discovered that the animal had been lame. One of her legs was several inches shorter than the other, and she had probably been wounded when a fawn last autumn.

Some hounds are too keen and others are not keen enough. One of our dogs swam across a lake after a buck and was never seen afterwards. Another old campaigner was not so industrious. He had a habit of disappearing every morning and coming home at night apparently gorged. He was followed one morning by one of the boys and found in a swamp a couple of miles away busily devouring the remains of a dead horse. Some hounds will follow a deer for days at a time, while others will return to the guide to be put on a fresh trail as soon as the animal they have been pursuing gets out of reach or takes to the water. One of the most sagacious dogs in this respect was a hound which had been given to a Toronto party by James Bulger of Smith's Falls.

One of the finest bucks brought out of Muskoka this year was got by a man who was cool-headed enough to wait. In speaking about the episode afterwards he said:

"It often happens that a buck and a doe are traveling together. When the hounds get after them, the doe, being the more timid, is the first to run, while the buck often just walks to one side and lets the dogs pass. If a hunter shoots at the doe and then keeps quiet, he will often get a chance afterwards at the buck. In this case, after the hounds had passed, the buck walked directly towards me."

It is not often that a man gets two bucks at the same time, but this was the good fortune of a Buffalo man last week, and it happened under the most peculiar circumstances. He was returning to camp when he came upon two bucks fighting. Their antlers were locked so securely that neither could run away and he killed them both. Even after death the heads could not be separated, and the pair were sent to Hamilton together. It was a valuable trophy and admired by everyone on the train.

Our guide told a story of another easy capture which happened last year. The hunter in this case saw a large buck through the foliage of some saplings, and fired. It did not move, and when he approached it he found that its antlers had become fastened in the fork of a tree and

that it had been dead for some time. Very different was the experience of another sportsman. The guide who was with this gentleman fired at a buck at close range and down went the animal in a heap. The hunter was eager, and rushing up sat astride of the prostrate deer, preparatory to putting the knife in his throat, when up he jumped, tossing the hunterman in the air. Another bullet from the guide's rifle killed him as he was racing away with the speed of a Queen's Plater. Then it was discovered that the first bullet had simply stunned him, having struck him on the antler close to the head.

I did not hear of any fatalities this year, although two men from Burk's Falls showed bullet marks in their hats. One hunter amused the crowd at the wharf by appearing in a scarlet uniform that would make a hunt club rider envious.

"Why, you'll never shoot anything in those togs," said a friend. "A deer could see you a mile off."

"That may be," replied this cautious sportsman, "but neither will any of you fellows take me for a deer."

Some people, when looking at a deer's head, wonder how an animal with such horns can travel at so great a rate of speed through a thick bush. The reason is that a buck, when running, holds his head well back, and the antlers almost rest on his shoulders. All the tips are then curved down. If bucks are ever domesticated they will not need any overhead checks. A doe, not having horns, runs with her head down, like a calf. A hound never chases a young fawn, for by a wise provision of nature a fawn does not commence to leave any scent until old enough to run fast. Were it not for this the young ones would probably be all killed by foxes and wolves.

The game law says that no hunter shall shoot more than two deer, but hunting parties have a way of overcoming this point. Supposing there are five in a party. One man may get six deer and the other four get only one each. In such cases there is a divide and each man brings home two. A man must needs have a great amount of patience to be a successful deer hunter, for it is exasperating to stand all day on a run-way without getting a shot, and if this experience has to be endured for four or five days in succession he is liable to come to the conclusion that venison is indeed deer meat. I was told that the settlers in the wilds still kill deer whenever they wish. One farmer told us that they become somewhat of a nuisance before the season for shooting commences, and his remarks, which caused a laugh at the time, were borne out to some extent the following day, when one of the party in dressing a sturdy buck found unmistakable signs that his lordship had recently indulged in a square meal at the expense of some farmer's turnip patch.

Board in the north is of the best and can be procured at reasonable rates. Our party, for five dollars a week each, had the best of meals, comfortable beds and the services of an expert guide thrown in. And the host was not stingy in arranging his menu. Each man was supposed to eat a whole partridge at a single sitting, and with your lungs full of Muskoka atmosphere this is not so difficult as one might imagine. Partridges are not so plentiful now as formerly, probably because they shoot them up north almost as soon as the birds are feathered.

More bears have been shot this year than usual. The train brought down four, one full grown and three cubs. There is no law against shooting these animals, but their hides are not of much value at this time of the year. Wolves can also be "blazed at" with impunity at all times of the year, but they are rarely seen now in Muskoka.

Before closing this article I must describe a sight now rare in the north—that of a beaver dam in process of construction. In a meadow on an adjoining farm two of these hard-working animals were busy all day long. The work of beavers has often been described, but one has to see them to appreciate the marvelous ingenuity they display. This pair had built a dam

four feet high and about forty feet wide, getting a depth of six or seven feet of water. Their peculiar house with its various submarine entrances was completed, and they were laying in a supply of birch limbs, which they anchored at the bottom of the pond out of reach of the ice. On the bark of these they will feed during the winter. Trees six inches in diameter were deftly cut down by these beavers and all the limbs were neatly stripped off before the trunks were floated down to the dam. The dam itself was constructed of small sticks with mud packed firmly in the interstices, and the whole structure was reinforced by strong limbs. There is rarely a washout on a beaver dam. The top of this one is so level that the water runs over evenly at all points. There will be no fissure unless the farmer makes one, which would not surprise me, as the backwater from the dam has converted a considerable area of his pasture land into a slash and is killing some of his trees.

"I am not going to disturb them," said he. "It is against the law to kill them now or offer their skins for sale."

I doubt, however, if he intends keeping his word, for on going away I saw a large beaver trap hanging on the limb of a tree beside his barn.

JOHN F. RYAN.

## THE FATE OF BRANSCOMBE.

A Fragment.

BY MACK.

McTAGGERT knew that the man opposed to him was the greatest duellist in Ireland. The name of Capt. Considine had been heard beyond Dublin, and always in connection with honorable murder, according to the code. Standing now beneath the trees in the chilly morning air, awaiting the conclusion of the seemingly interminable conference between the seconds, McTaggart could think of nothing but the story told him a year earlier at Oxford—a story told with every expression of horror by Dillingham, the effeminate—of how the savage Irish duellist, Capt. Considine, had fastened a quarrel on Branscombe, an undergraduate, and had shot him fair between the eyes. To McTaggart this had always seemed a far-away tragedy until now, something interesting but impersonal, like the stabbing of Julius Caesar. The fact was that Branscombe had met his fate before McTaggart had gone up to Oxford, and he had listened to the story just in the way a youth will listen to the tale of a bully and a brave young gentleman meeting in unequal and fatal conflict. Now and here, in his own extremity, McTaggart could not put Branscombe out of his mind, nor elude the mental picture of the effeminate Dillingham as he recited with morbid detail the story of that other duel.

"A curse on the butcher," said McTaggart inwardly. "I'm not the kind of fellow who gets killed. I've too much to do yet. But perhaps Branscombe had felt thus, too."

He recalled that Branscombe had been baited in much the same way as himself. A light word of his had been insolently taken up by an insignificant person with a heavy moustache, words had rapidly passed, while a swift silence fell on the bystanders, and a moment later he learned that he must, next morning, meet Capt. Considine, the most notorious duellist in Ireland, who had the death of sixteen gentlemen to his infamous credit, no doubt all of them singled out and baited like himself—and among them Branscombe.

"Gentlemen," said one of the seconds, coming forward, "you will kindly step to your places."

McTaggart moved to the point indicated. Considine was already in position.

"Is everything in readiness?" asked the master of ceremonies.

After a suitable pause he resumed: "We have agreed that one pistol shall be loaded, the other empty; Mr. McTaggart shall have first choice; Capt. Considine shall accept the other pistol. I shall count, one, two, three; at the word *Three*, both shall be free to fire, or to reserve fire, and neither shall move from his place until both have fired. Now, Lieutenant, will you present the pistols to Mr. McTaggart?"

The lieutenant stepped forward with the two pistols lying across the palms of his hands, and McTaggart promptly took one. The other was carried to Capt. Considine.

"Gentlemen, are you ready?" asked the second.

"Quite," said Considine.

"Branscombe," said McTaggart in precisely the same tone as if he, too, had said "Quite." His adversary gave him a searching glance, and the master of ceremonies paused as if about to enquire the meaning of this, to him, unintelligible word, but instead, raised his hand and spoke:

"One."

"Two."

The duellists faced at a distance of fifteen paces, heads back, shoulders squared, pistols at arm's length.

"Three."

Silence most profound. Both men had reserved fire. For fully a minute there was not a sound, the antagonists gazing as if fascinated into each other's faces.

"Hold out your left hand," said Considine at last in a tense voice. "Hold it out at arm's length."

McTaggart seemed not to hear.

"Hold out your left hand," repeated Considine. "At arm's length."

The seconds knew that the duellist, for some reason, had decided not to kill, but to mark McTaggart with a crippled left hand.

McTaggart seemed to catch the idea, too, for promptly now out went his left arm to full length.

With quick aim Considine shot at the outstretched palm. But his was the empty pistol.

McTaggart's gaze had not swerved from the eyes of his adversary, and now he slowly lowered his left arm to his side

and gazed at Considine with absolute fixedness along the barrel of his pistol—not a weapon to doubt, but now known to be a loaded pistol. For the space of fifteen seconds even the sound of breathing seemed to have ceased on that field of honor, and all eyes were on the beardless youth who held a shot at the grimmet duellist of his day.

"Hold out your right hand," said McTaggart in precisely the tone Considine had used.

The duellist promptly raised his left arm and held it at full length.

"Your right hand," repeated McTaggart. "Your right hand, and at arm's length."

It was with a black scowl that Considine drew in his left arm and extended his precious pistol hand for a target, yet he quickly affected a smile and stood erect, expectant.

The smile fled, however, before a sudden terror, and the arm swung in defensively as the pistol cracked, and he pitched forward on his face.

When the seconds turned him over they saw a small puncture in his forehead, fair between the eyes.

"Branscombe," said McTaggart, throwing his pistol some distance away.

"Branscombe."

"He shot at your hand," said Considine's second excitedly, "and you should have shot at his, as you made pretense of doing."

"Should I, indeed? Ah! I am not versed in the niceties of this business. It is not my occupation, you see. It is my very first duel. If I have transgressed the code in any way I am full of apologies."

The others looked upon him with knit brows.

Then McTaggart, bowing to each in turn, moved over to where his horse stood, mounted and rode off. The others followed him with their gaze until he disappeared at a turn in the road.

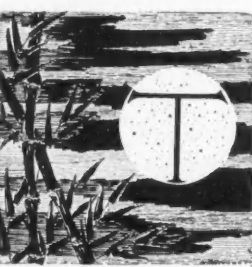
He—Do you really believe ignorance is bliss? She—I don't know. You seem to be happy.—*Exchange.*

Little five-year-old Flossie had observed that fish was always served for dinner each Friday at her home in the city, out she had missed it during a two weeks' sojourn in the country. "Grandma," she queried, "don't you ever have Fridays in the country?" "Of course we do," was the reply; "but why do you ask?" "Cause," answered Flossie, "they don't smell like the Fridays we have in town."—*Pittsburgh Bulletin.*

## BRITISH MUSICAL DEGREES IN CANADA.

The Truth at Last.

From Labouchere's London Truth, November 10.



HE historic occasion on which Boston Harbor was converted into an impromptu teapot, is, of course, not likely to find its counterpart in so trumpery a question as musical examinations. The Dominion is not going to cut the painter and add stars and stripes to the United States flag, even if some well-meaning persons may have committed an act of folly which sensible Englishmen will at once disclaim. But it is, nevertheless, rare indeed that British interference with matters purely Colonial has caused greater apparent indignation on the other side of the Atlantic, at any rate among musicians, than the endeavor by the Associated Board and Trinity College, London, to import London musical degrees and diplomas into Canada.

The outcry is by no means confined to the Canadian professional musicians, whose wishes have, it is alleged, not been consulted. The Canadian press has, in fact, been full of strongly worded letters from all classes, public meetings to protest against this alleged interference with the Colonies have been held, some very candid language has been used, and associations have been formed in Toronto, Montreal, and elsewhere to put a stop to what is very plainly, and perhaps not altogether unfairly, described as British musical impudence.

Indeed, while giving these two institutions every credit for the best possible intentions, British sympathies, if the facts are correctly stated across the Atlantic, will certainly lie a very great deal with our Canadian friends. When Trinity College, Toronto, attempted to foist in *absentia* musical degrees upon this country, the protests of British musicians, headed by the University officials, were loud and strong. Nobody took a more prominent part in the agitation against the importation of these Canadian degrees than the musical chiefs of the Associated Board and of Trinity College, London. For these institutions, therefore, to attempt, without proper consultation with the colonial musicians, to introduce their examinations for the purpose of disseminating in *absentia* British degrees and diplomas through Canada, is something very much akin to that which has been described as a pure piece of British cheek. Mr. Torrington, the Director of the Toronto College of Music, in an extremely proper and moderate letter, protests against such interference, and more especially against the scheme of the Associated Board. He says:

A very decided impression has been made throughout Canada through the elaborate scale of charges for examinations, certificates, etc., from the lowest to the teacher's diploma with appendages, that the scheme partakes more of a financial than a musical nature, and as such seems to desire to reap where those whom the officials represent have not sown and this in a manner which savors of contempt for Canadian musicians and their work. A natural feeling of resentment now exists against this action.

This gentleman adds that he has written many letters in favor of the connection between our Canadian College of Organists, and the English examinations, and there was no stronger advocate of an arrangement being made than I was, based upon the assumption that musicians whose names are honored in this and every other country, such as Sir John Stainer, Sir Alexander Mackenzie, Sir Frederick Bridge, Sir Arthur Sullivan, and other eminent musicians, would not countenance any examination scheme which had not as its first principle the raising of the standard of musical education first and foremost.

But, says this gentleman, the mischief is that since the scheme has been introduced into Canada it has not only produced a feeling of opposition to British examinations, but has prejudiced the great majority of Canadian musicians against this and similar schemes. A mass meeting of Canadian musicians was held in Karm Hall, Montreal, in September, and another meeting on the 8th ult., when a committee was appointed to coalesce with the musicians of Toronto to keep the British exported examinations out of Canada. Some very plain language was used in the debate. Mr. Fortier protested in strong terms against the introduction of the scheme of the Associated Board, which he contended (some of us may think rather unfairly) was "absurd, ridiculous and inartistic," more especially in regard to the teachers' diplomas, which he stated were "complete nonsense." Mr. Konigsberg was equally emphatic, asserting that these examinations "were not for the benefit of the Canadian teacher, but for the financial benefit of the Associated Board." Mr. Bohrer declared such examinations were detrimental to the musical progress of Canada, and a resolution was unanimously passed—

That the proposed examinations of the Associated Board are unnecessary, that the standard is below what may reasonably be expected in Canada, and that the musicians now assembled enter a protest against their intrusion into Canada.

No doubt in this resolution there is some hardly avoidable exaggeration. But the fact seems pretty plain that the scheme is ill-advised, and against the wishes of the Canadians. Nothing, I imagine, therefore, remains but to withdraw it as gracefully as possible, and the sooner this step is taken the better I should fancy it would be for the dignity of the English institutions. We have no more right to foist our examinations for *in absentia* degrees and diplomas upon Canada than they have to export their own Trinity College (Toronto) degrees to this country. At any rate it is certain that Canada does not want British degrees and diplomas, and it seems a very absurd thing that the affair should have been promulgated before the ground had been surveyed and some assurance had been received that the scheme was wanted and was likely to be successful. In the case of the Associated Board the mischief is the greater, inasmuch as the name of the Prince of Wales stands officially at the head of the enterprise. Our colonial friends, however, doubtless recognize the fact that royalty knows nothing about the business, and that the Prince of Wales and the Board generally would be the very last people in the world to offer examinations where they are not wanted.

## LITTLE DAN.

A Story of a Small Toronto Boy.

By S. H.

LITTLE Dan was sick, very sick, and in bed. Dan had typhoid fever. Every day the doctor shook his head and his mother cried. Every morning and night his father, Big Dan, came in and asked him questions in a voice that didn't sound like his father's at all. Dan thought that typhoid fever must hurt a person's father and mother more than the sick person himself. It was not the fever that troubled Little Dan. He had a grief that lay deeper. He could not go out, and if he could not go out how was he to get any chestnuts? That's what troubled him, not typhoid fever.

Little Dan was nine years and three months old. Show me the small boy who doesn't save up horse-chestnuts every fall! In saving up chestnuts a boy unconsciously gives the strongest support to the theory that men are derived from monkeys. He doesn't need those horse-chestnuts. But apparently he obeys an old instinct. When he grows up he shuns instinct.

Little Dan was turning on the bed fretfully. They—his mother and the doctor and the rest—thought it was the fever. They couldn't understand that a man can have more to keep him feverish than fevers. Little Dan kicked viciously. It was enough to make a fellow cry. Just when they were ripe and falling from the trees to go and get sick! He could restrain himself no longer.

Little Dan, weakened by sickness, did what in health he scorned and despised. He broke down and sobbed as does a little girl who falls and hurts her knee when coming home from school.

"Poor little boy," said his mother, replacing the quilts over the tossing little body. "Is it so very bad?"

And she tried to comfort him in her mother's way, which weakened Dan still more.

"Billy Young's gang will get 'em all," sobbed he.

"All what?"

"All the chestnuts."

"He's delicious," said his mother.

Dan Murray—Big Dan Murray—had one advantage over his wife: he had been a boy. He went up and sat on the edge of

the boy's bed after supper that night. The spare little frame looked even thinner than in the morning. Little Dan's worry was fighting hand in hand with the fever. "Well, Dan," said his father, "so you've been feeling poorly to-day, eh?"

Little Dan tried to bury his fever-flushed face in the pillow. It was of his crying like a baby his father was thinking. The father looked at the thin little figure among the restless quilts in silence a moment.

"Look here, Dan," he said at last, and his voice was firm though his eyes were moist. "I'm going to make a bargain with you."

"You know if you don't lie quiet you'll be sick all the longer, don't you?"

Dan blinked, but said nothing.

"Well, if you promise me," continued his father, "to lie in bed like a wooden man all day and go to sleep whenever you've got nothing else to do, why, I'll see that you get as many chestnuts as Billy Young or anybody else."

"And will you bring them up here where I can see them?" asked Dan eagerly.

"Yes," said his father. "I'll bring 'em right up here and pile 'em on the bed."

"On the bed?"

"Yes, right on the bed."

"It's a go then," said Little Dan, and to make good his word he turned over immediately and shut his eyes.

"Well," said Mrs. Murray.

"He's gone to sleep," said Dan.

"That's the first time to-day, then," said his wife.

"Was the doctor here this afternoon?" asked Dan.

"Yes."

"What did he say?"

"We must keep him quiet, he says, or he won't have enough strength to fight the fever."

Dan walked over to the kitchen stove and mechanically settled a lid in its place.

"It'll be a terror if we lose him too," he said at last.

His wife went on washing dishes in silence.

"Was he wandering when you were up?" she asked presently.

"No," said Dan; "he was as sensible as we are."

Mrs. Murray emptied the water out of the dishpan and hung it up. Then she wiped the edge of the sink.

"I guess I'll go up and sit by him for a while," she said. "Mrs. Anderson was over this morning and I got a good rest."

Big Dan was filling his pipe over by the stove.

"Call me an hour earlier in the morning, will you?" said he.

"Why?"

"I'm goin' to start an' save up chestnuts again," said Dan.

There was a pile of horse-chestnuts on the quilt of Little Dan's bed, brown and shiny. Little Dan himself was fast asleep. The doctor was there and his father and mother.

"Yes, he'll pull through now," said the doctor.

"It would have been hard to have lost him," said Big Dan. "You see we thought such a lot of the boy."

"We lost two before," said his wife, "one when he was just a baby, and one got to be as old as Dan."

"Well, I don't mind telling you," said the doctor, "that it was nip and tuck there for a while, but I've got a grip all right now. You can thank the luck that made me take up fevers as a specialty."

Big Dan picked up a chestnut from the bed and tossed it idly from one great hand into the other.

"It must take an awful lot of study to be a doctor," said he.

"You're right there," said the doctor, drawing on his gloves.

## The Mystery of the Morn.

The fine colored plate with SATURDAY NIGHT'S CHRISTMAS seems to have charmed the Canadian artists. Here are the verdicts of a few of them:

MR. E. WYLY GRIER.—Beautifully drawn and splendid technique generally. MR. J. W. L. FORSTER.—Its charm is in its refinement. The picture is a compliment to Canadian taste.

MR. GEORGE BRUNEN.—It is far from the ordinary.

MR. HERBERT SIMPSON.—It is a very pleasing picture. I admire the pose and modeling of the figure. It is beautifully drawn.

MR. ROBERTS, of Roberts' Art Gallery.—It should take well. It is one of the best, perhaps the best, of the pictures issued by you that I can remember.

MR. W. A. SHERWOOD.—A charming piece of work, at once sweet, soft and poetical.

MRS. G. A. REID.—I like it very much. It appeals to me more than any other you have had.

MR. W. D. BLATCHLY.—Chaste and beautiful.

MR. F. S. CHALLENGER.—Delicate, fanciful and sentimental. Almost too artistic to please the "popular" taste.

MR. F. M. BELL-SMITH.—Extremely artistic and beautiful, and remarkably well reproduced.

## Heard on Broadway.

Lovely Woman—Dear me, I believe I've lost my address-book.

Man About Town (overhearing)—Thank the stars it's not mine!

## Heard at the Horse Show.

High Flyer (disdainfully)—New York is over-run with Jews!

Money-lending Israelite (with a chuckle)—No one has more reason to know it.

Justice (to negro prisoner)—You are charged with stealing chickens. Do you want a lawyer? Prisoner—No, your honor.

Justice—Why not? Prisoner—If it pleases the co't, I'd like, if yer honor pleases, ter keep dem chickens myself, after habbin' de trouble er gettin' 'em.



POLYTON IN THE ORIENT.

—Life.



## STEAMSHIP SAILINGS.

**NORTH GERMAN LLOYD**  
New York, Southampton (London) Bremen  
Lahn, Dec. 6; Saale, Dec. 13; Kaiser Wm.  
der Grosse, Jan. 3; Saale, Jan. 10.  
Kaiser Wm. der Grosse, largest and fastest  
ship in the world.  
First saloon, \$75 up; second saloon, \$45.75 to  
\$60.

New York—Bremen  
Gera, Dec. 8; Oldenburg, Dec. 22  
Weimar, Dec. 15; H. H. Meier, Dec. 29

**MEDITERRANEAN** NORTH GER. LLOYD  
HAMBURG AM. COY  
Lv. New York. Ar. Gib-  
ralter. Naples. Genoa.

Em. Dec. 3 Dec. 15 Dec. 16 Dec. 16  
Aug. Victoria Dec. 17 Dec. 18 Dec. 21 Dec. 22  
Kaiser Wm. II Dec. 17 Dec. 18 Dec. 21 Dec. 22  
Aller Dec. 31 Jan. 8 Jan. 11 Jan. 12  
P. Bismarck Jan. 4 Jan. 12 Jan. 14 Jan. 14  
Em. Jan. 14 Jan. 20 Jan. 26 Jan. 27  
Werra Jan. 21 Jan. 30 Feb. 2 Feb. 3  
Kaiser Wm. II Jan. 28 Feb. 6 Feb. 9 Feb. 10  
Aller Feb. 4 Feb. 12 Feb. 15 Feb. 16

Lv. New York. Ar. Gib-  
ralter. Naples. Alex-  
andria.  
P. Bismarck Jan. 4 Jan. 12 Jan. 16 Jan. 19  
Aller Feb. 4 Feb. 12 Feb. 15 Feb. 22

**ORIENTAL CRUISE**—S. S. Augusta Victoria  
will leave New York Jan. 26, calling at Gibrat-  
tar, Algiers, Italy, Malta, Egypt, Palestine,  
Turkey and Greece—47 days. Special pamph-  
lets on application. Ask for beautifully illus-  
trated Mediterranean books. Berths served  
in advance.

Barlow Cumberland, 72 Yonge St. Toronto

**AMERICAN LINE**  
Fast Express Service  
New York—Southampton—London  
Sailing Wednesdays at 10 a.m.  
St. Paul Nov. 30 St. Paul Dec. 21  
St. Louis Dec. 7 St. Louis Dec. 28  
Paris Dec. 14 Paris Jan. 1

**RED STAR LINE**  
New York—Antwerp  
Every Wednesday at 12 noon.  
Kensington Nov. 30 Aragonia Dec. 14  
Nordland Dec. 7 Friesland Dec. 21  
These steamers carry only second and third-  
class passengers at low rates.  
International Navigation Company  
Piers 14 and 15 North River,  
Office 6 Bowling Green, N. Y.  
Barlow Cumberland, 72 Yonge St., Toronto

## Passages to England

Express and moderate rate ships to South  
England and through the English Channel.  
Apply for sailings and rates to  
**BARLOW CUMBERLAND**  
Steamship Agent, 72 Yonge Street, Toronto

STEAMSHIP and  
TOURIST TICKETS

Issued by various lines to all parts of the world.  
**R. M. MELVILLE**  
Cor. Toronto and Adelaide Sts.  
Telephone 2010

## Anecdotal.

Hearing that Kipling's new book had  
cost its publisher a shilling a word, a London  
wag wrote the author saying that as  
wisdom was quoted at retail prices, he  
would like one word, for which he in-  
closed a postal order for a shilling. Kipling  
kept the order and answered with the  
word "Thanks."

Official and society circles in Wash-  
ington are chuckling over the reply sent by  
Secretary Long to an ultra-pious citizen,  
who wrote to the head of the Navy Depart-  
ment in regard to profanity among naval  
officers, and requesting an expression of  
the Secretary's views regarding the im-  
portant question. Mr. Long penned a  
little note, in which, after acknowledging  
the receipt of the formal protest against  
profanity, he said he had reached the con-  
clusion that "naval officers should not  
swear under any circumstances unless it  
was absolutely necessary."

In one of the black-land counties of

## Samples Free

While we have them—we shall be de-  
lighted to hand you samples of the four  
fashion tints in the new notepaper and  
envelopes. We are favored by the  
makers in introducing their exquisite  
papers for social correspondence.  
These are the tints—Imperial White,  
Neapolitan Blue, Swiss Heliotrope,  
English primrose.

Box Notepaper, five quires (125  
sheets) with 100 envelopes, for 80c  
We think this paper the equal of  
much sold at 20c and 25c a quire.

Wm. Tyrrell & Co.,  
"The Bookshop,"  
No. 8 King Street West.

KAHNERT & HERUD  
MANUFACTURERS OF  
HIGH-CLASS FURS

Our collection of Novel Styles cannot be sur-  
passed in originality, and the selection of  
Seal and Persian Lamb Jackets  
Fur Collarettes, Fur Neckwear  
and Fur-lined Cloaks  
will be difficult to match in elegance, finish  
and brightness. In all our Furs both skill and  
taste are shown; as practical furriers we know  
how to choose the best of material.  
Our prices are as low as consistent.

**KAHNERT & HERUD**  
80 Yonge Street  
Tel. 5107 Fourth door North of King.

South Texas is a negro doctor who enjoys  
a more or less extensive practice among  
the colored population, which comprises a  
majority of the citizenship. A white phys-  
ician accosted him on the road the other  
day, saying: "Well, Dr. Sam, where have  
you been?" "Been to see Bill Johnsoning,  
sah. He was wrasin' wid Mose Jones an'  
bus' a blood-wessel." "Indeed, that's  
serious. What did you prescribe?" "Oh!  
I done fix him all right, wid alum and  
gum arabic. Alum to draw the pahis to-  
geddah and de gum to stick 'em." It  
may be interesting to add that the victim  
recovered.

A fresh arrival from the "Green Isle"  
had taken his place behind the bar in the  
"Sweet Ireland" saloon. Grogan, the  
proprietor, was playing a game of "freeze  
out" with a friend in the back room.  
"Tony O'Farriety, a ne'er-do-well and a  
never-a-pay, saw his chance, and walking  
boldly to the bar, by some lucky chance  
got an introduction to the new "bar tend,"  
and calling for a drink, got it and walked  
out without so much as a "Thank you."  
The following laconic conversation then  
took place in a rapid staccato way between  
the new tender and the proprietor:  
"Mister Grogan!" yelled the "bar."  
"Yis," answered the proprietor. "Is  
Tony O'Farriety guld for a drink?" "Did  
he get it?" "He did." "He is!"

Charles Lever, the novelist, was once  
the guest of Dr. Whately, the Archbishop  
of Dublin, at his country seat. Among  
the other guests were some of the expect-  
ant clergy, who paid submissive court to  
their host. While the archbishop and his  
guests were walking through the  
grounds the prelate plucked from a bush a  
leaf which, he declared, had a most  
nauseous flavor. "Taste it," said he,  
handing the leaf to one of the clergy. The  
latter smilingly obeyed, and then, with a  
wry face, subscribed to the botanical  
orthodoxy of the archbishop. "Taste it,  
you, Lever," said the gratified prelate,  
handing the leaf to the novelist. "No,  
thank you," said Lever, laughing; "my  
brother is not in your grace's diocese."

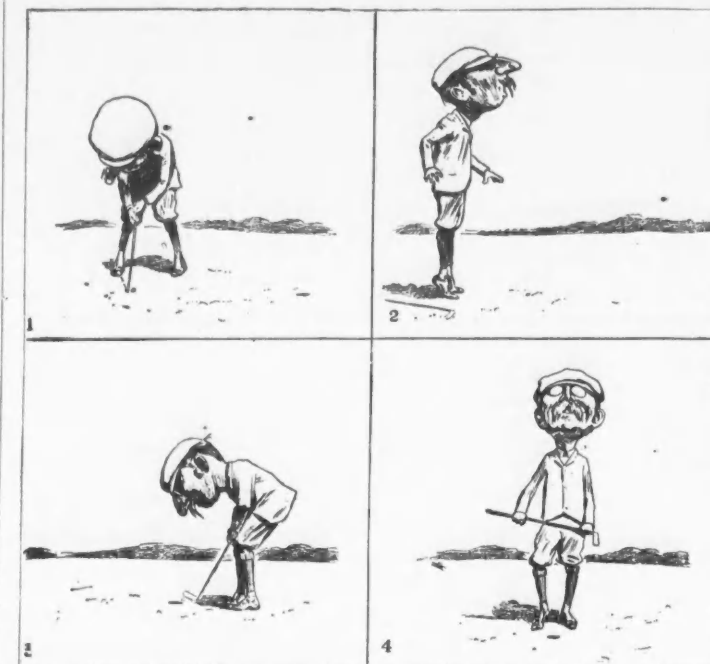
A good old Scotch farmer had a scolding  
wife. She was noted all up and down the  
shire for her sharp tongue, and her hus-  
band, best of all, was prepared to judge  
for this. One day she died, to all appear-  
ances. Preparations were made for the  
funeral, and, indeed, it had progressed so  
far as the carrying out of the coffin, when,  
in the narrow passage the well-meaning  
but awkward pall-bearers jostled against  
it, and it was hit smartly upon the casing  
of the door. The next minute the scold-  
ing and only partly-departed wife had  
come to life and sat up in her casket.  
What she said is not recorded, but a few  
years after that she died again, and this  
time they were fairly sure that they were  
dealing with the real thing. But when they  
bore her down the hall again the shrill  
and anxious treble: "Ca canny! Ca  
canny! (Go carefully.) It was there that  
she cam' roun' last time!"

## At the Heart of the City.

A Glimpse of the Horse Show.

NEW YORK, Nov. 21.  
"I WANT a quiet place!" said the  
fat lady on the train as she  
gathered up her bundles, looked  
leisurely at the porter, like a blood-  
thirsty Mahdi who announces  
"No quarter!" and let herself down the  
steps into Forty-second street station.  
"And I," said the woman who writes,  
"want a noisy place. Not a by-street,  
down which sudden avalanches of noise  
rattle, and a milk van or a lorry  
rushes by. Not a back parlor, where one  
sees only the felines and the discouraged-  
looking trellis vines; not a shut-in, breath-  
less hall bedroom, where every smell  
comes in till one knows just when the  
first floor front sizzles her banks, or the  
second floor back takes a snack of gin.  
Not a sky parlor, to which one climbs  
with weary feet, aching back and profane  
tongue. No. A noisy, high-up, outlook-  
ing room, just at the heart of the great  
city, where the pulsing of life never  
ceases; where the big voice of the restless  
great human hive, and the animals it  
drives, and the wheels of the chariots and  
the din of the trolley gongs, blend all to-  
gether in a song of the city, the triumphant  
song that says, 'Here we must  
keep moving.' And a rapid elevator,  
with a squad of uniformed coons cutting  
up monkey shines at the entrance door,  
while they look at you with saintly eyes,  
and meekly folded hands, and in a day or  
two size you up for what you are and  
weary till you go away, having feed them  
liberally."

Out of the high-up windows one looks  
at the heart of New York, counts its  
pulses, knows what time it is by looking  
down on the Square and noticing the  
human atoms as they go. Eight o'clock,  
and they hurry for the life of them; these  
have time-books to sign and must pass in  
between the great glass doors of the great  
shops before the quarter chimes. Nine  
o'clock, and fawn overcoats and men with  
protuberant vests and a few women with  
bargain day faces go more slowly across  
the great square. Ten o'clock, and the  
nurses and the babies begin to circle  
slowly about the fountain, and here and  
there a policeman lingers, for he loves a  
bright maid's smile. Eleven o'clock, and  
stout, pursy-faced women step leisurely  
along, bound for some dressmaking shop,  
or matching lace, or ribbons, and a great  
rolling of spanking carriages and pairs  
add to the well-to-do look of the square;  
and the young girls, the glorious modern  
golf girls, so tall, and light of foot, and  
marvelous of color, pass quickly by.  
Blue blood pulses at the heart of the city,  
for it is now high noon. And so on all  
the day long, each hour has its crowd, but  
the morning hours have the marks more  
distinctly. And there are always those  
pious, pathetic persons who sit on the  
benches for hours, who have nothing to  
do, nothing to eat, little to wear, and  
nowhere to go, so they sit on the benches  
and from the high-up window the sight of



Four strokes to win.—Harper's Weekly.

them gives me a twist of the heart. At  
the heart of the city it is an hour's fun to  
watch the people trying to cross the  
street. Dozens of them would cross the  
Styx instead, were it not for the ponderous  
policeman who shoves them back, while a  
cable car comes upon them, or waves them  
forward, while his fat hand, uplifted,  
causes the most fractious nags of the four  
hundred to pause and consider. To watch  
a crossing at the heart of the city, one  
might imagine the whole concourse to be  
bent on swift and grimy suicide, and one  
worships afar off the providential police-  
man. But it is at night that the high-up  
window at the heart of the city tells one  
secrets, if one knows how to listen. Out  
in the foggy heavens gleam words and  
legends: five million copies of one news-  
paper sold a week proclaim their being, and  
confess the taste of five million readers  
for their mental sustenance to be hot and  
strong. Up in the air on the other sky  
glows the legend of the Horse Show. It  
is for most of the people a legend only,  
the present fact being a dress show, a  
curiosity show, a money show; a show of  
hard faces and vulgar stares; a show of  
cynical men and weary women; a show  
of such mixed materials that the young  
wife of the millionaire rubs elbows on the promenade with  
the frowsy frau of the father of sixteen  
olive branches nourished on Bowery lager  
beer. There are girls whom no man should  
dare to look at as some men do look, and  
women who have forgotten the mean-  
ing of the word to dare, and like Alexan-  
der, have no more to conquer, every inch  
and every breath and every nerve a slave.  
There are reporters, conjuring up sensa-  
tions for their columns, and women  
coquetting, bridling and posing to be  
written up by them. There is the great  
circling mass of humanity, good and bad,  
smart and frowsy, rich and poor, clean  
and grimy; the hoarse-voiced sport, the  
tin-tongued society leader, the ethereal girl,  
and the woman who has to be hoisted into  
her box by a couple of perspiring ushers.  
There is the band in its sky gallery, and  
the promenaders, deafened by the noise,  
choked by the odor from each exit to the  
stables below; dazed by their ceaseless  
march; ever rubber-necking, staring, com-  
menting, listening to the greetings of the  
boxes to one another, laughing at some  
wreck of a face in a juvenile hat, men-  
tioning the price of a diamond-studded  
lorgnette chain, loudly proclaiming the  
identity of some notorious woman or  
unusually handsome man. The men are  
not often handsome; they are any other  
adjective rather.

Here and there a high-bred face looks  
impassively at the horses in the ring.  
The high-bred face flinches a little as two  
women pause and enquire loudly, "Who's  
she? Thought she was a wax figure.  
Wonder if she moves!" A laugh from a  
half-intoxicated boy, who is being dragged  
around the promenade by an eagle-faced  
friend, greets this sally. "What a shame  
to show him off!" sighs a woman. "Don't  
you know that the young—! Those are  
his people, in mourning there." The beau-  
tiful faces of the people in mourning bend  
over their catalogues as the drunken boy,  
six feet high if he's an inch, and a hand-  
some head of curls on him, staggers wildly  
by. A little woman in a tailor suit flashes  
past. She is excited. "A protest will  
go, I tell you!" she says to her escort.  
"Betcher life," he answers phlegmatically.  
"Let's get out of here and have a  
drink to cool off!" A tall man swarms

TO BURN,  
TO CRACK,  
TO DESTROY,

IS THE MISSION OF MOST  
LEATHER DRESSINGS.

To Soften, To Toughen, To Sustain,  
To Prolong Wear and Impart a  
High Lustre is the mission of

**PACKARD'S**  
Special Combination  
Leather Dressing

(FOR ALL COLORED SHOES)

The only preparation of the kind.

PACKARD MAKES IT PACKARD OF MONTREAL

28 CENTS L. H. PACKARD & CO. ALL SHOE STORES

into a brilliant box. He is greeted with a  
chorus of nasal voices. "Why, Mister  
Brown! I thought you were at the  
game." "Well, so I was. Say, you'd  
out to see Poe. He is the whole  
game! Say, what's this show like, any-  
way?" "Oh, bodes you clean to death!"  
Around the barrier people are packed  
three deep, the taller ones usually nearest  
the ring. They are judging the tandems  
perhaps. Let us stop, and by dint of elbows  
and judicious application of an inexorable  
hat-pin (they're not up to the hat-pin at  
all here!) we shall soon find ourselves  
staring between two red-painted boards,  
close to the waiting tandems. Open clangs  
the white iron gate. A pretty pair go  
away. "Got the gate," remarks a man.  
"Beauties, but out-classed." Again the  
judges nod towards the gate, and more  
go out into the outer darkness, while a  
faint sigh of surprise wafts about. Pres-  
ently the crowd cheer wildly, the blue  
ribbons flutter from the leader of a per-  
fect pair, and before one can breathe, the  
prize horses, having more glory than they  
can stand, run amuck, lie down, kick like  
demons, the leader's heels fly up and down  
with the regularity and force of an army  
mule's. He is surrounded by grooms,  
untraced, led, shoved, huddled out of the  
ring, followed by the wheeler driven  
demurely. The red ribbons, not to be  
outdone, start on the same career. After  
shouts of laughter from the mob, several  
cuss words from the driver and many  
gymnastics by the grooms, this giddy  
leader leaves the ring exactly as his  
predecessor did. I don't suppose prize  
horses ever cut up funnier shines. It  
looked as if they said, "We've got the  
ribbons; let's just have a bit of fun our-  
selves!"  
LADY GAY.

## Books and Shop Talk.

THE Gospel of Matthew in Broad  
Scotch, rendered by Rev. Wil-  
liam Wye Smith, has just come  
from the presses of Imrie,  
Graham & Co., Toronto.  
Other books of the New Testament are to  
follow, we understand. This work will  
no doubt appeal to Scots everywhere, but  
outsiders may not quite see the necessity  
for it. The Bible in Gaelic seems to be a  
work that will do more for the dialect  
than for the Bible. Viewed from this  
point all is clear enough. This presumes  
that the speaking of a dialect is an accom-  
plishment, not a defect. The Frenchman,  
the German, the Celt, even the Chinaman  
who learns English—who speaks it and  
reads it—goes through the same processes  
in acquiring the language. To each the  
written and spoken language is really the  
same, yet each brings a different light to  
bear on it, and if you place in the hands  
of each a bit of good English to be read  
aloud each will throw into the reading of  
it his own accent, something of his own  
language. It might be argued that Eng-  
lish is English and the failure to speak it  
as it should be spoken is a defect. To fol-  
low a dialect or a brogue, to print in  
pigeon-English is not necessary to those  
who have an accent or a brogue, or whose  
English is clipped, for they are not often  
conscious of their singularities of speech.  
The printed word "home" is rendered  
"hame" by one, "ome" by another, and  
"hum" by a third. Can we convey more  
to any one of the three by spelling the  
word to suit the sound he now perhaps  
unconsciously gives it?

The Red Axe, by S. R. Crockett, is a  
story of more or less probable adventure  
in the days of the German robber-dukes  
of three centuries ago. The hero is the son  
of the hereditary executioner of Wolfsburg,  
and he has no ambition to succeed his  
father. The heroine is a girl who is saved  
from the block when a child, at the inter-  
cession of the executioner's boy son. She  
is brought up in the Red Tower, with  
the Gottfrieds, father and son, until at  
eighteen she becomes the maid of honor to  
the princess in a neighboring petty prin-  
cipality. Hugo Gottfried becomes the  
head military man in the same princedom.  
The princess falls in love with him,  
and her husband, seeing the state of the  
case, enters into the strangest compact ever  
met with in fiction or anywhere else. He bargains  
that Hugo, forswearing his own love, shall  
flirt with the Princess and keep her  
amused. This Hugo, against his will,  
consents to do, but finally, Helene, the  
maid of honor, conquers his obedience to  
the Prince, and he breaks with the  
Princess. She works up a most exciting  
revenge in which Hugo is after all to  
wield his father's axe, and which only fails  
at her own relenting. The book is inter-  
esting, and, in sections, artistic. But it  
doesn't hang together as a whole. Several

We are making a specialty this season  
of FUR-LINED OVERCOATS, hav-  
ing imported special cloths for the purpose  
and carefully selected a choice range of  
furs for linings and trimmings. The  
prices are moderate. We will be glad to  
give quotations by mail, or to show the  
cloths and furs to anyone calling on us.

A coat of this kind makes a handsome Christmas present.

**Bilton Bros**

finely worked and vividly descriptive  
short stories could be taken from the nar-  
rative. Copp, Clark Co., paper 75c; cloth,  
\$1.50.

## Equal to Occasions.

LORD WHITWORTH, who held various  
posts of honor in English diplomatic  
circles, was a kindly, gracious gen-  
tleman, as well as a wit and a man of the  
world. In his vicereignty of Ireland, he  
proved to be so destitute of bigotry and  
bitterness that he was sometimes accused  
of lacking energy; but the island govern-  
ment probably seemed a small thing to  
him who had been the voice of England at  
St. Petersburg and Paris.

He had, indeed, almost measured swords  
with Napoleon, at the Tuileries, when that  
despot railed at England for not having  
evacuated Egypt and Malta, accused her  
of having violated treaties, and ended by  
flourishing a cane dangerously near the  
face of the English ambassador.

Lord Whitworth put his hand on the  
hilt of his sword.

"What would you have done, if the  
emperor had struck you?" he was after-  
ward asked.

"I would have felled him to the ground,"  
was the quiet answer.

Perhaps the best story told of him is  
one showing how his quick wit disposed  
of a rival. When he was at the Russian  
court, Fox sent there, as a sort of ambas-  
sador of his own, a man named Adair, the  
son of a surgeon.

One day the empress, speaking French,  
said to Lord Whitworth:

"Is he a very important man, this  
Monsieur Adair?"

"Not so very, madame," replied Lord  
Whitworth, "although his father was a  
grand seigneur"—a remark which readers  
of French will recognize as a very good  
pun, for the word as used by Lord Whit-  
worth means "blood-letter," while by its  
sound it also meant a great lord.

## He Will Win Yet.

Two young people of Cleveland, Ohio,  
met at a social gathering. The only pecu-  
liarity about this meeting lay in the fact  
that several months before, in a fit of  
anger, the father of the young woman  
had forbidden the youth to enter his (the  
father's) house. The immediate cause of  
the prohibition is no part of this story.  
The youth and the young woman were  
chatting most amicably, when suddenly  
an ornamental lamp standing close at  
hand was accidentally overturned. It fell  
directly towards the young woman, the  
burning oil was spilled on her gown, and  
in a moment she was ablaze. She shrieked  
and turned to run. The young man had a  
clear head, and he whipped off his coat,  
wrapped it about the girl, beat down the  
flames and quickly extinguished the last  
spark. A few days after this he received  
a letter from the father of the young  
woman:

Sir,—Enclosed find my cheque for \$45  
in payment of damages sustained in the  
affair of Tuesday evening.

Yours truly,  
JOHN BLANK.

The young man looked the letter over,  
and stared hard at the cheque. Then he  
wrote his acknowledgment as follows:

JOHN BLANK—Sir: Yours of the 16th  
inst., inclosing personal cheque for \$45, is  
at hand. I return the cheque herewith.  
Permit me to assure you that "the affair  
of Tuesday evening" was not a fire sale.

Yours truly,  
GEORGE DASH.

And up to the present writing the inci-  
dent remains closed.

"I had a narrow escape in my house the  
other night." "How so?" "My wife shot  
at some burglars."—Life.

"You say he died from a single blow  
administered by himself?" "Yes; he  
blew out the gas!"—Puck.

"Why do you say he's a good match for  
that grass widow?" "Because he's a  
rake."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

"Captain, the new recruit is a fine  
fencer." "Is he? Put him on picket  
duty."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

## Breakfast

should key the system up to meet the  
tasks of the day, and a pure high grade tea with your  
breakfast is tonic both to the digestion and the nerves.  
MONSOON TEA is not only delicious to the taste,  
but also gratefully comforting in its refreshing and strength-  
ening effects. Its sustaining strength is remarkable.

**Monsoon**  
INDO-CEYLON TEA

**ADAMS'**  
**Tutti-Frutti**  
AIDS DIGESTION.  
FREE. A variety of very handsome and  
useful presents are sent free for  
the return of sets of coupons from Tutti-  
Frutti Gum. Get sets.

**"Where  
Ignorance  
Is Bliss"**

It's foolish to  
buy Windsor Salt, but  
if you study the salt  
question you will  
easily see why it's  
folly to remain ig-  
norant when buying  
salt.  
Windsor Salt is an  
absolutely pure, dry,  
refined, crystallized  
table salt, and is sold  
at the same price as  
inferior salt.

**The Windsor Salt Co.**  
Limited  
WINDSOR, Ont.



## The Famous Mineral Salt Baths

OF ST. CATHARINES  
For Rheumatism, Gout, Neuralgia, Sciatica  
and allied diseases. For Scrofula and Nervous  
Affections and Impurities of the Blood. En-  
dorsed by Hare's System of Therapeutics and  
Allott's System of Medicine. Experienced  
physicians and attendants in Massage Treat-  
ment, Porcelain Baths, Elevator, Hot Water  
Heating. Apply for circular to MALCOLM-  
SON BROS., The Welland, St. Catharines.  
Open the year round

**PROF. O'BRIEN**  
Canada's greatest and  
Toronto's leading Phre-  
nologist and first and  
(only) scientific palmist  
in the city. Large recep-  
tion rooms and private  
office at his residence,  
401 Jarvis.  
Patronized by the nobil-  
ity and elite from every  
part of the world. Open  
till 10 p.m.

WE have a...  
NEW MACHINE for doing up Chintz  
The latest material for Curtains, Loose  
Cover, etc.

**SMITH'S TORONTO DYE WORKS**  
Tel. 2471 106 KING ST. WEST

**New Strength**  
FOR THE OLD, WORN AND FEEBLE.  
Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills.

**WHIRLWIND**  
CARPET CLEANER  
CARPETS TAKEN UP,  
CLEANED, AND RE-LAID.  
Cor. Bloor and Manning  
Avenue  
Phone 5530 R. P. POWELL, Proprietor

**CORN CURE**  
A sure cure  
without pain - 25 Cents  
**W. H. LEE, Chemist & Druggist**  
Cor. Church and Wellesley Streets

Direct from the Growers to Consumers.

color, a  
other, h  
it to be  
formatio  
regard  
ter—a  
artist w  
purple  
the bos  
who tell  
with rev  
knows?  
it may  
grass of  
shafts o  
every r  
golden. I  
hinted t  
punning  
almost le  
under a  
back. W  
and gree  
We're Da  
Notre Da  
as it seem  
purple.  
in the pa  
ing towa  
methods  
cess. He  
certain re  
opened to  
however,  
"academ  
conspicu  
cultured  
St. Marg  
It is so  
has gathe  
her work  
studio. H  
with Dut  
During he  
land she  
Dutch life  
some of  
normal en  
The peac  
shepherd  
sand dune  
the marsh  
returning  
stantal;  
with their  
the cath  
numerous  
with the  
material e  
mind. Li  
scenes in  
positively  
lightful I  
J. W. L  
Stud  
R. F. G  
Minist  
MISS E  
has remov  
Used by Ar  
are the be-  
vinced.  
THE AR  
131 & 133 V  
Arcade.  
Robert  
Art G  
79 K  
Appointm  
Artistic Pl  
We Mak  
In a  
a v  
Views of  
Points  
P  
Telephon  
HOU  
While we  
and care to  
friends, we d  
hold needs,  
two articles  
JOH  
for polishin  
Company's ju  
F  
used for ma  
and hotels at  
THE E.  
Makes  
Xmas  
Thos  
eled  
traits  
the E  
the F  
argina  
high-  
vited  
work  
The HIG  
114



## Studio and Gallery



FTER having witnessed the conjuring with light by Prof. Chant at St. Margaret's College we are quite free to confess that our past knowledge of light, its effects on color, and the effects of colors on each other, has not been all we fondly believed it to be. Any confession of lack of all information from a newspaper should be regarded as a certificate of moral character—a test of sincerity. After this the artist who paints water of depths of purple which would produce ecstasy in the bosom of any "culled" lady and who tells us it is blue, shall be listened to with reverence. Perhaps it is blue. Who knows? When a householder—an artist it may be—leads us over the rich green grass of his lawn, athwart which fall shafts of golden light, and tells us every ray of what we imagined to be golden light is red—well, perhaps it is red. If ever in any rash moment we have hinted that an impressionist has been punning in color, or that we had been almost led to believe that black was black under any circumstance, we take it all back. We know now that black is blue, and green, and purple, and other colors. We are quite reconciled now to have Notre Dame (Paris), sombre, gray, majestic as it seems, painted in flippant yellow and purple. We have resented this somewhat in the past. If the impressionist is traveling towards light and trying to tell us its methods in color, we wish him every success. He has a large field before him. A certain reward awaits him. What happened to the professor's mental light, however, when he apologized for being "academic" in an institution which is conspicuously academic, and before the cultured audience which greeted him at St. Margaret's?

It is some time now since Mrs. Dignam has gathered together such a collection of her work as is now to be seen in her studio. Her appreciation of and sympathy with Dutch art has always been marked. During her somewhat recent tour in Holland she secured many typical scenes of Dutch life, and has been able to represent some of its most pleasing phases in its normal envelopment of Dutch atmosphere. The peaceful, gloaming hour when the shepherd guides his sheep home; the sand dunes with their rich purple heather; the marshy lagoons; the ever-going, ever-returning fishing-boats, squat and substantial; the primitive, cleanly interiors, with their quiet scenes of domestic life, and their attractive, artistic possibilities; the cathedrals, stately and sedate; the numerous windmills; the old low houses with their red-tiled roofs—all supply material enough to satisfy any artistic mind. Linger in the midst of these scenes in Mrs. Dignam's studio, one feels positively subdued and gray with a delightful low-toned melody of the har-

**J. W. L. FORSTER**  
... PORTRAIT PAINTING  
Studio, 24 King Street West

**R. F. GAGEN,**  
Studio—90 Yonge Street.  
Miniatures, Water Color and Ink Portraits.

**MISS EDITH HEMMING**  
MINIATURE PAINTER  
has removed her studio to  
382 Church Street, Toronto.

**FOR EVERYTHING**  
Used by Artists and Decorators, positively we are the best and cheapest. Try us and be convinced.  
**THE ART METROPOLIS** (Unlimited)  
131 & 133 Yonge St., and 1, 3, 5, 7 & 9 Toronto Arcade. Entrance 133 Yonge St. Tel. 2124.

## Roberts & Son Art Galleries

79 King Street West, Toronto

Appointments made for Holiday Art Sales, Artistic Picture Framing a specialty.  
Telephone 1926

## We Make Photographs

In all sizes and styles. We also have a very choice selection of Views of the Principal Buildings and Points of Interest in Toronto

## PARK BROS.

Telephone 1269 328 Yonge Street

## HOUSEHOLD HELPS

While we devote a great deal of thought and care to the artistic requirements of our friends, we do not forget the practical household needs. This week we wish to introduce two articles of sterling value, viz:

**JOHNSON'S FLOOR WAX**  
for polishing all hard wood floors, The E. Harris Company's justly celebrated

**FURNITURE POLISH**  
used for many years by our leading families and hotels and highly recommended.  
**THE E. HARRIS COY., Limited**  
44 KING STREET EAST

## Makes a Beautiful Xmas Gift

Those beautiful, artistic, enameled Water-color or Sepia portraits, worked from any photo, at the High Grade Art Studio, make the prettiest Xmas present imaginable. All our work strictly high-class. You are cordially invited to call and examine our work.

**The HIGH GRADE ART STUDIO**  
114 King Street West



Boy—Jenny, I'd like to be found dead wid dat whole turkey in me stummick an' dat bill o' fare for a tombstone!

monies of Dutch life. Mrs. Dignam receives every Saturday afternoon in her studio, 275 St. George street.

The annual sketch exhibition of the W.A.A. opens on Monday, November 28, with a private view to members and friends, after which it will continue open at the usual fee for a week. This is an interesting exhibition of the result of some of the summer's work of the members.

Many of the artists have agreed to open their studios to all interested in art, on the first Saturday of each month. This action can only be regarded as one of great courtesy on the part of the artist who gives his time, his strength—for receiving calls is sometimes only equalled in its exhaustive demands by visiting of the sick—and opens to view his treasures into which he has slowly imparted both brains and heart. The custom ought to be an educative force in the life of the people. We trust they will see it in that light and avail themselves of its opportunities.

Miss McConnell and Miss Irvine intend having a formal opening of their new studio on the first Saturday in December.

The Sketch Club of the W.A.A. spent a profitable evening this week at Mrs. Kerr's, 42 Charles street. Among the guests was Miss Ermatinger, president of the W. A. A. of St. Thomas. The club meets this week at Miss Flett's, 29 Isabella street.

Miss Hendershot's exhibit of decorated china was so very well attended last week that she purposes keeping it open for another week, at least. If not, indeed, until Christmas, at 8 College street. Some very good decorative work there is, including many vases, jardinières, trays, cups and saucers, etc. Among the best are some pieces in Copenhagen blue, that refreshing color so popular just now, treated in an altogether novel way, some with Cupids very artistically executed. We recommend all who can to pay a visit to her studio.

Donald McNab, a former Toronto boy, a graduate of the Ontario School of Art, is at present in the city. He has just completed a very successful portrait of his sister, Miss Jessie. The portrait is a very pleasing one with delicate golden tints in the background, its truthful flesh tints and agreeable posture. It is in shadow altogether except for a wave of light falling on the back of the neck and shoulders. Mrs. McNab receives at 25 Alexander street every Wednesday afternoon.

W. E. Atkinson, O.S.A., who has just returned from an extended trip abroad, is settled in a most commodious studio in Equity Chambers. We understand he intends exhibiting soon some of the results of his study abroad. We predict a treat for all interested in painting.

The Ontario Society of Artists at its last meeting decided to put forth special efforts to make its annual exhibition, usually held in May, much superior in every way to any previous one. The walls are to be furnished with suitable drapery and the floors treated with color more than soap and water. The exhibition is to be held the first week in March. All these are steps in the right direction. We hope as much of the shabby effect will be destroyed as is possible under the circumstances, and that this display of art will be an artistic one.

A committee consisting of G. A. Reid, W. Revell, F. S. Challener, and G. Hahn, was appointed to meet and confer with

the Ladies' League of School Art at the close of their conference on Saturday. Another index of a good time coming in art life in this disorganized town.

The Ladies' League of School Art are holding a conference and an At Home today in Rosedale school. The object of the gathering is to bring to the notice of many leading educationalists and prominent citizens, the fact that the work of decorating the Public Schools is fairly inaugurated here, and to claim the sympathy and support of all such, as well as to obtain the views of those qualified to speak on the subject, both from the educational and purely artistic standpoint. The Minister of Education will occupy the chair, and addresses will be delivered by Prof. Mavor, B. E. Walker, J. L. Hughes and R. Y. Ellis. After the conference the guests will be invited to view the pictures already purchased. We trust the fact that to produce any intelligent, artistic effect, it was necessary to cover the walls with material to hide the present patchwork effect of black and terra cotta, will not be lost on the School Board.

JEAN GRANT.

## The Royal Guests of Lord Mount Stephen.

**B**ROCKET Hall, near Hatfield, which the Duke and Duchess of York are now about to visit as the guests of Lord Mount Stephen, is (says *Modern Society*) the property of Lord Cowper.

The Queen, soon after her accession, was notably entertained at Brocket Hall by its then owner, Lord Melbourne, the Premier. Her Majesty being much delighted with the place, Lord Melbourne's great-grandfather was an eminent conveyancer, who, *de more legali*, made a large fortune. He left two sons, one of whom for the last five years of his life found himself Bishop of Peterborough; the other, Matthew Lamb, settled down at Brocket, the ancient residence of a family of that name, and was created a baronet in 1755. His son and grandson were both raised to the Peerage—the one to the Irish Viscountcy of Melbourne; the other, who was some time Ambassador at Vienna, to the U. K. Baroncy of Beaulieu. The latter's sister, Amelia, who inherited Brocket on the extinction of the family titles in 1853, was the grandmother of the present Lord Cowper. Lady Cowper's second husband, Lord Palmerston, died at Brocket Hall, October 18, 1865, during his second term of office as Prime Minister.

During the last thirty three years Brocket Hall has more than once been "To let." Sir George Stephen—Lord Mount Stephen—entered upon its tenancy a year or two ago, and married, secondly, a few weeks after the lamented death of the late Duchess of Teck, Miss G. M. Tufnell, the daughter of an officer in the Navy, who had been one of the two ladies-in-waiting to Her Royal Highness, Lord Mount Stephen is a Scotchman, from Dufftown, who emigrated to Canada and amassed an enormous fortune, \$125,000 of which he devoted to the foundation of the Victoria Hospital at Montreal in commemoration of Her Majesty's first Jubilee. Prior to this he had been created a Baronet in 1886, and he was raised to the Peerage in 1891. His Lordship, who was sixty-nine on June 5, has no family, but his adopted daughter, Alice, is the wife of Hon. Sir H. S. Northcote, second son of the late Lord Iddesleigh.

The first duty of a newspaper is to print the news; the second, to deny it.—*Life*.

## A Needlework Magazine

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY



Cloths, Sofa Cushions, Photo Frames and all kinds of Fancy Work in new designs. There are also rules and new patterns for Cross Stitch, Church Embroidery and Corticelli Decorative Crochet, the latest thing in needlework.

Subscription price, 25 cents per year; single copies, 10c. each.

Address **CORTICELLI HOME NEEDLEWORK**

50 RICHELIEU STREET, ST. JOHNS, P. Q.

JUST ISSUED, the first number of

## Corticelli Home

## Needlework

For 1899

It contains twenty-five entirely new superbly colored plates. Five are of double roses.

This number contains articles from the best embroidery artists in Canada and the United States; tells how to embroider Centerpieces, Doilies, Tea

## Absent-Mindedness.

Some Cases in Point.

**A**BSENT-MINDEDNESS seems to be a common failing among great men. An amusing story is told of the late Louis Pasteur, who so distinguished himself by his discoveries in regard to bacteria. While dining at his son-in-law's one evening, it was noticed that he dipped his cherries in his glass of water and then carefully wiped them before eating them. As this caused some amusement, he held forth at length on the dangers of the microbes with which the cherries were covered. Then he leaned back in his chair, wiped his forehead, and, unconsciously picking up his glass, drank off the contents, microbes and all.

A friend calling upon Peter Burrowes, a celebrated Irish barrister, one morning in his dressing-room, found him shaving himself with his face to the wall, and asked him why he chose so strange an attitude. The answer was, "To look in the glass." "Why, there is no glass there," said the friend. "Bless me!" exclaimed Burrowes, "I did not notice that before." Then, ringing the bell, he called the servant and questioned him respecting the looking-glass which had been hanging on the wall. "Oh, sir," said the servant, "it was broken six weeks ago." A certain learned professor at Cambridge is a very absent-minded man. A friend of his had been seriously ill. When he was convalescent the professor used to send him jellies and other delicacies. One day he took him a fine bunch of hothouse grapes. The old friends were very pleased to see each other, and were soon deep in a discussion. The professor, becoming interested, began absentmindedly picking the grapes, taking one at a time till they were all gone. On going out of the door he called back to his friend, "Now, mind you eat those grapes; they will do you all the good in the world." A well known archbishop was also noted for his absentmindedness. Dining at home one evening, he found fault with the flavor of the soup. Next evening he dined out at a large dinner party. Forgetting for the moment that he was not in his own house, but a guest, he observed across the table to his wife, "This soup is, my dear, again a failure."

## A HAMILTON CASE.

How Mr. Joseph Rickards Won His Freedom.

**Bright's Disease Held Him in a Dandy Grip Which Nothing Could Loosen till He Used Dodd's Kidney Pills—They Cured Him.**

HAMILTON, Nov. 21.—The Ambitious City is never behind her rival, Toronto, in any enterprise, commercial or otherwise, and recently would seem to have made fair progress towards outstripping her neighbor in one respect, viz., the number of cures of Kidney Diseases effected here by Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Hardly a day passes without recording a cure by means of this famous and wonderful medicine.

Interest just now is centered in the case of Mr. Joseph Rickards of 134 Emerald street. Hundreds of Hamiltonians know that Mr. Rickards suffered for more than six years with that terrible complaint, Bright's Disease. Hundreds know also that he engaged the best medical assistance he could secure, but without receiving either cure or relief.

Mr. Rickards is now hale and hearty, healthy and happy, and his deliverance is due entirely to Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Writing of his case, he says: "I used many remedies that were advertised to cure Bright's Disease, but none of them gave me even temporary relief. I cannot describe the severity of my sufferings. They were terrible."

"I was advised to try Dodd's Kidney Pills, and I am thankful that I took that advice. I used only four boxes, but they drove every vestige of Bright's Disease from my system and made a man of me."

A statement like this cannot be lightly passed by. It carries a message of hope, and freedom from disease, of health and happiness, to every sufferer in Canada. Dodd's Kidney Pills should be in every home in the land. Kidney Diseases cannot exist where Dodd's Kidney Pills are used.

## Progressive Women.

Westminster Gazette.

"It was in the *Westminster Gazette*, that it not," writes a correspondent, "that I read the other day of Mrs. Creighton's kindly offering to supply her husband's place at a confirmation! From all I know of that good lady I can quite believe the story to be true. But here is a fact. A few years ago, in a certain parish in Herts, the aged and infirm vicar one Sunday began the communion service; he had just consecrated the elements when his

## The Celebrated India Pale Ale and Stout of John Labatt

can be purchased from all dealers in Wines and Liquors at the SAME PRICE AS OTHER DOMESTIC ALES.

When ordering, specify "LABATT'S," and insist on having what you order.

## Curved to Fit the Skirt

This is Brush Edge



This is Bias Velveteen

## S. H. & M. Bias Brush Edge

The only binding that can't wear-out—the wearing-edge is an indestructible, beautiful, soft brush, the facing of deep richness and elegance, made in a natural curve to perfectly fit the roundness of the skirt.

S. H. & M. is stamped on every yard of the genuine. If your dealer will not supply you, we will. The S. H. & M. CO., 24 Front Street, W., Toronto, Ont.

The Name

## WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE

May mean anything or nothing unless associated with the extra name

## LEA & PERRINS

when it means the finest, the most wholesome, the most palatable condiment that the skill of man has ever elaborated. Therefore if you have any regard for your digestion you will adhere persistently to LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE and avoid all imitations.

AGENTS—J. M. DOUGLAS & CO., MONTREAL

## SUBSTITUTION THE FRAUD OF THE DAY

See you get Carter's. Ask for Carter's. Insist and demand

## CARTER'S Little Liver Pills

The only perfect Liver Pill. Take no other, even if solicited to do so. Beware of imitations of same colored wrapper—RED.

BE SURE THEY ARE CARTER'S

## DON'T SHOVEL YOUR DOLLARS

into your stores without getting good results. Can't get good results from poor

**COAL**  
That's sure. If you come to us you will get the very best coal in the market. It's perfectly screened. It's free from all coal impurities, burns up to fine ashes. Prices fluctuate. So you had better buy now while they're low. We deliver anywhere in the city promptly. Shall we book your order?  
**P. BURNS & CO., 38 King St. East**

wife in her bonnet and shawl appeared within the altar rails. 'Sit down, my dear; your rheumatism is very bad to-day; I'll finish the service.' And then and there she administered the bread and wine to the astounded and kneeling communicants and finished up with the proper prayers and the blessing. This actually took place within the last ten years."

## A Real Short Story.

One of the most terrible tragedies that has been reported since the whites began trying to drive the souls of the savages has just occurred. Six years ago Miss Lydia Lyons, the daughter of Major Lyons of Chicago, in a moment of enthusiastic impulse, went out to work among the Indians. Among all the Arapahoes there was one fierce, wild spirit she could not Christianize. He was Tixico, the finest fighter and the worst Indian of his tribe. "I will become a Christian if you will become my wife," he said. "I will become your wife if you will not commit a sin in three years," she answered, in a moment of despair, never dreaming for a moment the savage could keep his compact. But he

was stoic, like all Indians. And he did. She plunged a dagger into her heart last week. Tixico, drunk ever since the night of their wedding, had their baby murdered. He has been jailed and will hang.

"Pa, may I ask you a question?" "Yes, if it's not a silly one." "May I ask you two, if they ain't silly?" "Yes." "Is the Queen very rich—much richer than us?" "Yes, my son." "Why didn't you marry her, pa?"—*Pick Me Up*.

## BEAUTY IS POWER

Dr. Campbell's Safe Arsenic Complexion Wafers, Fould's Arsenic Soap and Fould's Arsenic Cream are the most wonderful preparations in the world for the complexion. They remove Pimples, Freckles, Blackheads, Moth Eaten Skin, Redness, Oilyness, and all other facial and bodily blemishes. These preparations brighten and beautify the complexion as no other remedies can. Write for a sample and full particulars. H. B. FOULD, 144 Yonge St., Toronto. Sold by all Druggists to Canada.

## PREMIER BREWERY OF CANADA



One of the most complete breweries on the continent. Capacity, 168,000 barrels annually. Equipped with the most modern plant, including a De La Vergne Refrigerating Machine, 75 H. P., with water tower in connection; a 35 H. P. electric dynamo for lighting brewery and running several motors; a large water filter—capacity, 2,000 gallons per hour, through which water, after passing, is absolutely pure and is used in all brewings. Our improved facilities enable us to guarantee our products. European and American experts have pronounced our establishment and products equal to the best in their respective countries. Large Malt House and Storage in connection.

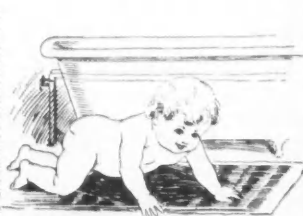
**The O'Keefe Brewery Co.**  
OF TORONTO, Limited

## Men's Shoes for Women

The fall styles of shoes for women's wear are modeled after those most popular with men. The Bulldog toe is the favorite. They range from \$5.00 up at  
**H. & C. BLACHFORD'S**  
114 Yonge St.

## Baby ...

KNOWS A GOOD THING WHEN HE SEES IT.



## BABY'S OWN SOAP

MADE BY THE ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO. MONTREAL. MAKERS OF THE CELEBRATED ALBERT TOILET SOAPS.





## MUSIC

In reply to "Music Student" I would say that as yet the representatives of the Associated Board have not published the details of the examinations recently "inaugurated" in Canada by that enterprising concern. I am not in a position, therefore, to state the number of candidates who presented themselves for examination, nor do I know the number that "passed." There seems to have been a sufficient number, however, to enable the Board's representatives to strike an average, for in a letter to a local daily, an employee of the Board states that "twelve per cent. passed." As this would mean one in eight, there must have been at least the latter number of candidates divided between Halifax, Quebec, Montreal, Kingston and Toronto, and the country between these points. The funniest feature, however, of the Board's ludicrous campaign in Canada thus far, is the claim of its two employees, Mr. Grinstead and Mr. Williams (the examiner), that the "twelve per cent." average proves conclusively that the syllabus of the Associated Board is not too trivial for this country. In view of the fact that the best musical interests of the Dominion are almost unanimously opposed to the examinations of this outside concern, it is a matter of surprise that even twelve per cent. of the class remaining who took a plunge at the examinations should have pulled through. If any further proof were needed of the kindergarten character of these "artistic" tests, including the C. T. A. B. twenty-five-dollar teacher's title, it would seem to have been furnished by the fact that under the circumstances so large a percentage of those who paid fees actually captured certificates. Another comical feature of the Board's experience in Canada is the considerable correspondence which Mr. Grinstead, who is located in Montreal, has been carrying on with Toronto applicants for the Board's syllabus, etc., that gentleman taking very seriously every request for information received from this city. The C. T. A. B. requirements, and the syllabus generally, have been regarded here in the light of a huge joke, hence the local demand for samples of the Board's printed matter. Perhaps the most amusing paragraph in the C. T. A. B. syllabus, and one which Dr. Charles Vincent in his letter to the official journal of the Incorporated Society of Musicians (which I reproduced last week), omitted to mention, is that the "candidate is not expected to give attention to faults of style or lack of expression" in a *circa* examination to test his intelligence as a teacher in detecting inaccuracies, etc., in the playing of others. It might be added that the prediction which was made by SATURDAY NIGHT, at an early stage in the discussion regarding the Associated Board's Canadian speculation, has been amply verified in recent developments. The number of candidates has been ridiculously small; the seriously inclined music student has held aloof from the whole affair, and the reception given the antiquated syllabus of the Board by the intelligent portion of the community proves, if such proof were required, that musical education in this country is proceeding, and will continue to progress along lines entirely different from those arbitrarily outlined by the Board as suitable for this progressive community.

In last week's issue of SATURDAY NIGHT attention was drawn to the fact that the Canadian local examinations in music of the Associated Board of the R. A. M. and R. C. M. had at last been "inaugurated." Mr. Grinstead, an employee of the Board, has since addressed a letter to a Toronto daily in which he affirms that the aforesaid examinations are now "over." The country may therefore again breathe freely and the ordinary routine of life be resumed. Mr. Grinstead, in the letter referred to, pays some attention to the syllabus of a Toronto music school, and with characteristic unfairness falls considerably short of "half the truth," tactics which a Hamilton champion of the Associated Board in a labored defence of that institution, recently and elegantly described as being the "blackest of lies." The letter of the Associated Board's employee is unique in one particular as compared with previous effusions of the representatives and defenders of the Board's Canadian "philanthropy" dodge. He makes no reference to Sir Alexander Mackenzie or Sir Arthur Sullivan, or other gentlemen on whose coat-tails the defenders of the Board have been clinging for some months past, and in whose name the C. T. A. B. \$25 degree and the Gurliett "Morgengross" standard of examinations are being exploited in this country in the interests of musical "art" and our higher "artistic development." This simple act of justice to the eminent men mentioned will be appreciated by Canadian admirers of their genius. Certain it seems that neither Sir Arthur nor Sir Alexander nor "Royalty" would approve of the methods adopted by the employees of the Board were they fully aware of the spirit in which Mr. Aitken's "Imperial Federation" scheme is being pushed in Canada.

A delightful entertainment is being arranged for Monday evening next by Miss Nora Hillary, an entertainment which, because of its own interest and merit, and also because of the worthy object to which a very probable liberal surplus is to be devoted, should be most largely attended. A quartette of singers, Miss Dora L. Mc-

Murtry, soprano; Mrs. Julie Wyman of New York, contralto; Mr. Alex. Gorrie, tenor, and Mr. H. M. Blight, bass, have in preparation Liza Lehmann's charming work, In a Persian Garden, a composition which has created a sensation both in England and the United States, and which on this occasion will receive its first presentation in Toronto, if not in Canada. The first part of the concert will be devoted to the work mentioned, the second part consisting of a short song recital by Mrs. Wyman, and an exquisite suite for piano and violin by Schmitt, which will be played by the accomplished pianiste, Miss Hart, and Miss Kate Archer, violinist. The concert is in aid of the Hospital for Sick Children, and an influential and extensive list of patrons and patronesses, headed by Sir Oliver and Miss Mowat, indicates that the event is likely to be equally important socially and musically. A book of words of In a Persian Garden has been published and may be purchased at the music stores.

The Toronto Junction College of Music, of which Miss Via Macmillan is the energetic and capable directress, gave a most successful concert on Thursday evening of last week in Kilburn Hall, in which the following well known artists took part: Mr. J. D. A. Tripp, solo pianist; Miss Dora L. McMurtry, soprano; Mr. Firth, baritone; Miss Archer, violinist; and Miss Burns, elocutionist. Mr. Tripp's brilliant performance of several standard compositions was a feature of the programme and won for that accomplished performer several recalls. Miss Macmillan's solos and Mr. Firth's interpretation of Bohm's popular song, *Calm as the Night*, were also enthusiastically applauded. Miss Archer was equally successful in her violin solos, and Miss Burns' readings were not by any means the least successful numbers of the evening. The good work which has been accomplished by Miss Macmillan at the Junction in the interests of the higher musical development of that town, receiving the hearty encouragement which it merits, a fact which was shown by the very large and influential audience which crowded the hall on this occasion. The winter term of the College opened on Nov. 10, with every prospect of the continued and increasing prosperity of the institution.

The Central Presbyterian church was the scene of a very interesting musical service of praise on Monday evening last, when the choir of the church, assisted by Miss Dora L. McMurtry, soprano, and Mr. Bruce Bradley, tenor, presented an attractive programme of sacred music. The singing of the efficient choir of the church, under Mr. V. P. Hunt's able direction, showed very careful rehearsal and a due regard for expression in choruses by Buck, Gounod and De Koven. Mr. Hunt's organ solos, Salome's Offertoire in D flat and Wagner's Lohengrin March, were excellently played and much enjoyed by the large congregation present. The two talented soloists mentioned above, besides Miss Marie Wheeler, Miss Theresa Wegener and Mr. J. W. Walker, added much to the success of a well arranged and smoothly carried out service. Mr. Hunt is deserving of every praise for the good work of the choir under his direction, and the officials of the church are to be congratulated upon the very efficient arrangements at present existing in the musical department of their service.

The many Toronto friends of Sig. Giuseppe Dinelli, who left this city for Orange, New Jersey, in June last, will be pleased to learn of his success in his new home. His time is divided between New York City and Orange, in both of which places he teaches. He has filled several engagements as accompanist in concerts given in the metropolis, and recently gave a very successful organ recital in the church of which he is organist at Orange. With reference to this recital a local paper says: "The new organ of the First Presbyterian church of Orange, which has been entirely rebuilt and a choir organ added, by Jardine & Son of New York, was shown to good effect on Thursday night at a recital given by Signor Giuseppe Dinelli, organist of the church. The quartette choir of the church sang a number of selections, and Perry Averill, the well known baritone, also sang. Signor Dinelli showed off the capacities of the instrument to fine effect. He is a most accomplished musician, with clean technique, remarkable command of the instrument and unusual ability in registration."

The second concert of the Popular Star Course, which took place on Thursday evening of last week in Association Hall, was in every sense a gratifying success. A large audience was in attendance, and the performances of the Mozart Symphony Club of New York, who furnished the programme, gave every satisfaction to those present. This popular club is composed of Mr. Richard Stoelzer, a most versatile performer, who played on no less than a dozen different instruments; Mr. Mario Blodeck, Mr. Theo. Hoch and Mr. Otto Lund, all of whom scored pronounced successes in their respective selections. The vocalist, Miss Paula Biederman, who is the possessor of a mezzo voice of pure but rather light quality, was also cordially received. The next entertainment of the series, which will be given on December 19, will introduce Mr. Edward P. Elliott, a reader of wide reputation, who should be greeted by a large audience.

Miss Florence Brown, the gifted organist of Berkeley street Methodist church, whose brilliant performance in several organ recitals given by her last season at the Conservatory of Music attracted the attention of local music-lovers, proposes giving a series of recitals in this city during the present season, the first of which will take place in Jarvis street Baptist church on Saturday afternoon next at four o'clock. Miss Brown's programme will embrace Bach's great G minor Fugue; Boellmann's Suite Gothique; Dubois' Fiat Lux and In Paradisum; Buck's Holy Night, and several smaller numbers. The splendid organ of the church has kindly been placed at the disposal of Miss Brown for the occasion, a circumstance which will lend additional interest to the attractive programme of the afternoon. Miss Edythe Hill, gold medalist of Whitty Ladies' College, will sing two numbers during the afternoon.

The Christmas performance of Handel's Messiah, which is to be given by a chorus of three hundred voices, with eminent solo talent, all under the direction of the veteran conductor, Mr. Torrington, is being prepared for with energy, and there is every prospect of a brilliant success for those who have taken the necessary steps to revive oratorio performances in Toronto. A large and efficient orchestra has been engaged, which, with an exceptionally effective chorus and Mlle. Trebelli, the great English oratorio singer, as the principal soloist, should ensure a decidedly effective performance. It now remains for our citizens to do their duty in rallying around the standard of the old art form, which has done so much in the days gone by to elevate the musical taste and reputation of this city.

Mr. W. H. Hewlett of London, who has developed into one of the most brilliant solo organists in the country, inaugurates a series of monthly organ recitals this afternoon in the Forest City. On December 13 his church (Dundas Center Methodist) choir gives its first concert for this season, singing, among other works, Spohr's cantata, *God Thou Art Great*. The annual concert of the London Vocal Society, of which Mr. Hewlett is conductor, will take place on January 30. Jensen's Feast of Adonis (a melodious choral work which was given in Toronto by the Mendelssohn Choir in 1895) and a miscellaneous programme are in preparation.

Readers of this column who have followed the discussion concerning the local examinations in Canada of the Associated Board of the R. A. M. and the R. C. M., are advised to read a vigorous editorial on the subject taken from the columns of *London Truth* of November 10, which appears on page 7 of this issue. The truth from *Truth* at this juncture cannot but be of interest to all concerned in the musical welfare of this country, and particularly to those who have had the courage to criticize and openly resent the impudent and arrogant spirit shown by the Associated Board in the inauguration of its absurd examination speculations in Canada.

"Another Piano Student" writes me as follows: "I was pleased with your comments on piano teachers who steal minutes from the half-hour lessons they should give in full. I have a teacher just now who reads his newspaper every morning while he is giving me a lesson, and a friend of mine tells me that he suspects his teacher of going around the corner once in a while to get a schooner of beer. You can just bet your last penny that two teachers are going to be out of a job at the end of this term." This is certainly a practical solution of the minute-stealing business.

A prominent Ottawa musician writes me regarding the feeling of the profession in that city towards the trivial local examinations in music of the Associated Board of the R. A. M. and the R. C. M. He states, "I find a general feeling of apathy here with regard to these examinations. Most of the musicians here seem to think (if they think of them at all) that these examinations will die a natural death. The whole scheme will most likely be ignored by all of our leading musicians, and the enterprise seems destined, so far as Ottawa is concerned, to perish for lack of nourishment."

The always well informed *Daily News* states that the new "residence" regulations will come into force at Cambridge in 1900 for the Mus. Doc., and in 1902 for the Mus. Bac.; and no one will be able to take a musical degree at Oxford, Victoria, or Cambridge, until he has kept nine terms, and in the case of the Mus. Doc. has graduated in some other faculty. This of course practically confines the candidates to the choral or organ scholarship holders (who must be in residence), or to men of wealth and leisure.

In a West Indian paper, which gives an account of a church festival, it is stated that "the choir, assisted by a string band, consisting of a bass drum, tambourine, accordions and a triangle, opened the expectations of the day." Furthermore, this orchestral accompaniment "tended greatly to improve the singing." Musket-shots also fired off in the churchyard "served to make the gathering a happy one."

The choir of West Presbyterian church, under Mr. W. J. McNally's direction, have in preparation Maunders' sacred cantata, *Penitence, Pardon and Peace*, for a concert to be given early in the new year. This work has, I believe, not yet been produced in this city.

As this journal goes to press one day earlier than usual this week on account of the Thanksgiving holiday, a number of notices and news items are unavoidably held over until next week.

The Sherlock Male Quartette has been engaged to sing in London at the concert to be given by the choir of Dundas Center Methodist Church on December 13 next.

## Unfortunate Heroine.

One of the eccentricities of the English language was lately brought to the notice of a New England woman by her Swedish maid. The girl had attended a night-school for some weeks, and was much delighted with her attainments in English. She expressed her wish to try her knowledge of the language by reading a story, and her mistress recommended for her perusal one called *A Modern Cinderella*, in a magazine. It was short, simply worded and appeared not to present any linguistic pitfalls.

"Did you like it, Bertha?" asked the mistress when the magazine was returned to her.

"Yes, ma'm," replied the girl, slowly, "but I am sorry she had so much trouble and dose glass eyes, too. My brudder, he had one glass eye, and it was vera hard for him."

"Why, I didn't remember about her having glass eyes," said the mistress. Bertha unfolded the magazine, and pointed with a respectful finger to the following undeniable proofs:

"As Polly moved about the kitchen, doing her work, her eyes suddenly fell on the letter which lay unopened in her aunt's lap."

"Keep your eyes where they belong," said that lady sharply; and poor Polly colored with shame."

Will the reader who sent SATURDAY NIGHT a poem entitled *Autumn Leaves* kindly send in his address. We wish to send the Hospital Ambulance to the aid of the poet.

Amateur Poet—How's this line of my Ode to My Sweetheart, "Thy bright eyes out rival twin diamonds"? His Sister—Make it, "Thy rivals shall eye thy twin diamonds" and she is yours forever.—*Jewellers Weekly*.

INCORPORATED TORONTO HON. G. W. ALLAN  
1898  
**CONSERVATORY**  
OF MUSIC  
COLLEGE STREET.  
EDWARD FISHER, Musical Director  
Affiliated with Toronto and Trinity Universities  
Largest Music School and Strongest Faculty in Canada. ATTENDANCE 922 LAST YEAR.  
ARTISTS & TEACHERS GRADUATING COURSES.  
PUPILS MAY ENTER AT ANY TIME.  
**CALENDAR** AND SYLLABUS FREE  
CONSERVATORY SCHOOL OF ELOCUTION  
H. N. SHAW, B.A., Principal  
Oratory, Recitation, Reading, Acting, Voice Culture, Orthography, Diction and Swedish Gymnastics, Greek Art, Statue Posing, Literature.

EDWARD FISHER  
Musical Director Toronto Conservatory of Music  
SPECIALIST in training  
PIANO STUDENTS for  
THE PROFESSION  
MR. RECHAB TANDY, Oratorio and  
Concert Tenor of the Crystal Palace,  
Alexandra Palace and Principal Palace,  
(England) Concerts. Teacher of best method of  
Voice Production and Artistic Singing. Pupils  
received at all times. Voices heard and  
classified. Write for appointment. Concert  
Engagements accepted. Address,  
Conservatory of Music, Toronto, Ont.

J. D. A. TRIPP  
Piano Virtuoso and  
Teacher  
Pupil of Moszkowski, Stepanoff and  
Leschetzky.  
Studio—Rooms 12, 13 and 14, O. G. F. Building,  
cor. Yonge and College Sts., Tel. 464.  
Also at Rolleston House and St. Margaret's  
College.

ONTARIO COLLEGE  
OF MUSIC  
205 BLOOR ST.  
EAST  
Students who wish to finish their musical  
studies under German masters in  
Germany can have instruction in this college  
in the German language in connection with  
their musical studies.  
Arrangements may be made to give pupils  
lessons at their homes without extra charge.  
Accommodation for a limited number of  
boarders at moderate rates.  
For Prospectus apply to  
CHARLES FARRINGER,  
205 Bloor Street East.

HAMILTON  
Conservatory of Music  
HAMILTON, Ontario  
C. L. M. HARRIS, Mus. Doc.  
Musical Director  
A thorough education in music provided in  
all its branches. Candidates for University  
examinations in music prepared by correspondence.  
Write for Prospectus, giving full particulars  
as to fees, etc.

Senor Gonzalez  
VOICE SPECIALIST. Pure Italian method.  
Special rates to talented pupils.  
Soprano and Italian languages taught.  
MADAME GONZALEZ (Pupil of William  
Maconi, Piano, at Nordheimer's, from 3 to 4.)  
THEODORE WIEHMAYER  
Leipzig, Germany  
PIANO VIRTUOSO  
Will accept a limited number of Canadian and  
American pupils.  
Ferdinand Road Strasse  
37 Parterre Links.

MISS FLORENCE BROWN  
(Pupil of Mr. A. S. Vogt)  
Concert Organist and Accompanist  
Teacher of Piano and Pipe Organ.  
For terms, etc., address—130 Seaton St.

Toronto Junction College of Music  
MISS VIA MACMILLAN, Principal.  
Winter Term Opens Nov. 10th  
43 High Park Ave.

MISS JESSIE C. PERRY  
(Pupil of Mr. A. S. Vogt)  
Solo Pianiste and Accompanist  
A limited number of  
pupils accepted. For terms, etc.,  
Address, 104 Wood St.

VOICE PRODUCTION, SINGING  
and PIANO LESSONS  
MISS C. A. WILLIAMS  
Schools attended.  
Residence—Rosedale House, Studio—Messrs.  
Nordheimer's Building, 15 King Street East.

MISS ADA E. S. HART  
CONCERT PIANIST  
Pupil of the celebrated Leschetzky of Vienna  
(teacher of Paderewski)  
Limited number of pupils received. For  
terms, engagements, etc., address care of  
Messrs. Nordheimer, or in Harbor Street.

W. J. McNALLY  
Teacher of Piano and Organ  
Organist and Choirmaster West Presbyterian  
Church. Studio—32 Sussex Ave. E.

MRS. FRED W. LEE  
Teacher of Pianoforte  
Krause method as taught by Mr. E. M. Field.  
261 Spadina Ave., or Toronto College of Music.

Toronto  
**College of Music**  
12 & 14  
Pembroke Street  
TORONTO  
LIMITED  
Leading Musical Institution in Canada.  
Thorougly Equipped in all branches of  
Music and Dramatic Art.  
The Most Eminent and Complete staff of  
artistic teachers.  
Winter Term Now Open  
For Calendar address—  
F. H. TORRINGTON, Director.

MR. and MRS.  
KLINGENFELD  
Violin, Voice Culture, Piano and Theory  
New York (date of Toronto)  
132 E. 47th Street.

FRANK S. WELSMAN  
PIANO VIRTUOSO  
Pupil of Prof. Martin Krause, Gustav Schreck  
and Richard Hofmann.  
Teacher of Piano, Theory and Composition  
Toronto College of Music, or 266 Sherbourne  
St., also at Miss Veale's School, St. Margaret's  
College and Haverhill Hall.

E. W. SCHUCH  
Voice Culture  
and Expression in Singing  
Studio and residence  
71 SPADINA ROAD  
PIANO PLAYING  
HARMONY, COUNTERPOINT, Etc.  
For Professional and Advanced Pupils.  
W. O. FORSYTH  
(Director Metropolitan School of Music)  
Highest technical advancement and interpretation.  
Available studio days, 15 King Street East  
(Nordheimer's), Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays  
and Fridays. Residence—112 College Street.

MISS MARY HEWITT SMART  
... SOPRANO ...  
Pupil of the late Madame Siller and of Edward  
Hoyes, Principal of School of Vocal  
Science, New York.  
Vocal teacher St. Margaret's College.  
Private studio room U, Yonge Street Arcade.

J. W. F. HARRISON  
Organist and Choirmaster St. Simon's  
Church. Musical Director of the Ontario  
Ladies' College, Whitty. Teacher of Piano  
and Organ at Toronto Conservatory of Music,  
Bishop Strachan School, and Miss Veale's School,  
15 Dunbar Road Rosedale.

John E. Turton  
Character and Descriptive Vocalist  
At liberty for concert  
engagements.  
Address care Whaley, Royce  
& Co., Music Publishers, Toronto

MISS NORMA REYNOLDS  
Has resumed instruction in  
VOICE PRODUCTION AND SINGING  
Training soloists to fill church and teaching  
positions a specialty. Reception hours at the  
Toronto Conservatory of Music, 34, Mondays  
and Thursdays. Residence, 4 Pembroke St.

MADAME ANNA FARINI  
DIPLOME LEIPZIG CONSERVATOIRE  
Pupil of Paul, Reinecker, Hindworth and  
Liszt, will accept a limited number of pupils.  
Terms on application. Reception hours—2  
to 4 p.m., Mondays and Thursdays.  
Residence—631 Church Street.

JOHN M. SHERLOCK  
MASTER OF SINGING  
SOLO TENOR  
STUDIO—ROOM 5, NORDHEIMER'S,  
TORONTO, ONT.  
THE SHERLOCK MALE QUARTETTE  
OF TORONTO  
Is open for engagements. Complete pro-  
grammes supplied if required. Address,  
J. M. SHERLOCK, Sole Manager,  
Room 5, Nordheimer's, Toronto, Ont.

MRS. DRECHSLER-ADAMSON  
... VIOLINIST ...  
Teacher at the Conservatory of Music.  
Conductor of Conservatory String Orchestra.  
Residence—67 Bloor Street East

MR. A. S. VOGT  
Teacher in Advanced Piano Playing  
Address—Toronto Conservatory of Music  
or 64 Pembroke Street.

MRS. J. W. BRADLEY  
Directress and Leader of Berkeley St.  
Methodist Church Choir.  
Vocal Teacher of Ontario Ladies' College,  
Whitty, and Toronto Conservatory of Music,  
130 Seaton Street, Toronto.

GEORGE F. SMEDLEY  
Banjo, Guitar and Mandolin Soloist  
Will receive pupils and concert engagements.  
Instructor of Varsity Banjo, Mandolin and  
Guitar Clubs, Teacher Toronto College of  
Music, Bishop Strachan School, Presbyterian  
Ladies' College.  
Studio: Daytime, at Nordheimer's; Evening,  
at 98 Nassau Street. Telephone 1605

MISS DETTA E. ZIEGLER  
... Soprano ...  
CONCERT and ORATORIO  
Voice Culture  
Studio—423 Sherbourne Street  
Soprano soloist, Toronto  
Sherbourne St. Methodist Church

MR. HARRY M. FIELD  
OF Leipzig, Germany  
PIANO VIRTUOSO  
Is prepared to receive Canadian and American  
pupils. 25 Grand Strasse, or Prof. Martin  
Krause, 26 Brandenburger Strasse.

MISS ADA E. S. HART  
CONCERT PIANIST  
Pupil of the celebrated Leschetzky of Vienna  
(teacher of Paderewski)  
Limited number of pupils received. For  
terms, engagements, etc., address care of  
Messrs. Nordheimer, or in Harbor Street.

W. J. McNALLY  
Teacher of Piano and Organ  
Organist and Choirmaster West Presbyterian  
Church. Studio—32 Sussex Ave. E.

MRS. FRED W. LEE  
Teacher of Pianoforte  
Krause method as taught by Mr. E. M. Field.  
261 Spadina Ave., or Toronto College of Music.

... REGINA ...  
THE QUEEN OF MUSIC BOXES  
Mechanically  
it is  
faultless.  
Inter-change-  
able  
Tune  
Disks.  
Runs from  
12 to 24  
minutes  
with one  
winding.  
Over 1000  
tunes  
now  
ready.  
Musically—The highest achievement of its kind  
WHALEY, ROYCE & CO.  
158 Yonge Street - Toronto, Ont.

J. A. LeBARGE  
Formerly Imperial Quartette, Boston.  
Soloist and Instructor in Mandolin, Banjo  
and Guitar.  
STUDIO—Conservatory of Music, corner of  
University and College Sts.

TORONTO MALE QUARTETTE  
MR. ARTHUR L. E. DAVIES, Musical Di-  
rector, 158 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.

MR. V. P. HUNT—Teacher of Piano  
at the Toronto Conservatory of Music,  
Organist Central Presbyterian Church, Musical  
Director of Demill Ladies' College, St. Catharines.  
Residence, 370 Jarvis St.

MADAME STUTTFORD VOICE  
Specialist (pupil of Sig. Lablache), Voice  
Culture, Italian method; correct breathing.  
Terms moderate. 183 Church Street.

MRS. ANNIE E. JURY  
SOPRANO  
Voice production and artistic piano playing  
Studio—58 Alexander Street.

MR. A. B. JURY—Organist and  
Choirmaster Dundas Street Congregational  
Church. Voice production a specialty. Piano  
and organ. Studio, 58 Alexander Street.

W. Y. ARCHIBALD—TENOR  
Teacher of Singing  
Studio—Nordheimer's  
Church and Concert engagements accepted.

LOYD N. WATKINS  
303 Church Street. Thorough instruction  
in Banjo, Guitar, Mandolin and Zither.  
Conservatory of Music, Ontario Ladies' Coll., Whitty

DONALD HERALD, A.T.C.M.  
TEACHER OF PIANO  
271 Jarvis St. Toronto Conservatory of Music.

MISS H. M. MARTIN, Mus. Bac.,  
Graduate University of Toronto, certi-  
ficated teacher VOCAL and PIANO, of Toronto  
College of Music. Address 530 Church St., or  
Toronto College of Music.

G. H. OZBURN, Teacher Guitar,  
Mandolin and Banjo, at Conservatory  
of Music, Hamilton; Wade's Temple of Music,  
Brantford; Metropolitan College of Music,  
Toronto. Residence, 70 Beaconsfield Ave.

MR. ARTHUR BLAKELEY  
Organist, Sherbourne Street, Methodist  
Church. Piano, Organ and Musical Theory.  
46 Phoebe Street.

MISS CARTER  
TEACHER OF PIANO  
389 Brunswick Avenue.

MISS KATHARINE BIRNIE  
CONCERT PIANIST. Krause method, as  
taught by Mr. H. M. Field, Toronto College  
of Music. Studio—Nordheimer's, or 215 John St.

STAMMERING, ETC.  
Consult Messrs. Church and Byrne, specialists.  
CHURCH'S AUTO-VOICE INSTITUTE.  
9 Pembroke Street.

HARRY M. BENNETT  
Humorous Vocalist  
and Entertainer  
Open for concert engage-  
ments.  
50 Cecil St., Toronto.

JOSEPH HUGILL  
No. 2 Alice St.  
Near Yonge St.  
Maker and Repairer  
of Violins, &c.

EDUCATIONAL.  
St. Margaret's  
College  
TORONTO  
Cor. Bloor & Spadina Aves.  
A SELECT SCHOOL FOR GIRLS  
Modern equipment. Teachers in every depart-  
ment qualified for similar positions in Collegiate  
institutes. Elevens in Academic, evens in  
Musical and five in the Art Department.  
Six resident governesses. Careful super-  
vision. Large grounds for physical exercise.  
For Prospectus apply to  
MRS. GEORGE DICKSON, Lady Principal.

The Best Job  
invariably goes to the one with best train-  
ing—who has education—special training. Why  
not qualify for one of the best places going?  
You have the chance. The  
CENTRAL BUSINESS COLLEGE  
Toronto  
opens the door to success for many young Men  
and Women each year. It offers splendid  
equipment, thorough work, a strong staff and  
good results. You may enter at any time.  
Write for Prospectus. W. H. SHAW, Principal.  
Yonge and Gerrard Sts., Toronto.

British  
American  
Business  
College  
[LIMITED.] Write for free  
Prospectus to  
DAVID HOSKINS, Chartered Accountant  
Principa

St. Andrew's Ball  
A few private lessons in  
Scotch Dancing  
also WALTZ and TWO-STEP will be of great  
benefit for this occasion. Make your appoint-  
ments early. Two-step taught in one lesson.  
M. J. SAGE,  
Metropolitan School of Dancing.  
274 College Street.

SHERMAN E. TOWNSEND  
Public Accountant and Auditor  
Traders' Bank Chambers, Toronto.  
Phone 1641

N. PEARSON  
DR. CHAS. E. PEARSON  
DENTISTS  
Tel. 1973  
130 Yonge Street, Toronto  
Porcelain fillings and bridgework, gold crown  
and bridgework. Fees moderate.

will positive  
hair nice ar  
of the scalp  
soap. It is  
beautiful a  
scopic ins  
ment instea  
Wash you  
it and see  
skin, then a

Bake  
Sha  
A  
MANUE



## Social and Personal.

Mrs. H. E. Smallpiece of Close avenue, South Parkdale, will be at home on the second and third Thursdays of each month, instead of Mondays.

Miss Beatrice Wilson of Lowther avenue left last Saturday for New York city, where she is to pursue her second year's vocal studies with Mr. Edward Hayes.

Mr. Harry Symons, Q.C., has been called to England on business and sails to-day by the s.s. Lucania from New York. He will probably spend Christmas with his daughters in Germany.

The Royal Italian Grand Opera Company, which is to appear at the Grand Opera House next week, commencing Monday evening, is said to be one of the finest musical organizations that has come to this country in many years.

Signorina Linda Montavari and Signorina Elana have both won fame abroad. The leading tenor, Signor G. Agostini, is an artist whose singing is all music; Signor Sabatelli, the other tenor, is a singer of equal merit, so that there are no particular "nights" with the Italian Company. The repertoire for the engagement is as follows: Monday night, *Il Trovatore*; Tuesday night, *Faust*; Wednesday matinee, *Lucia di Lammermoor*; Wednesday night, *(double bill)*, *Cavalleria Rusticana* and *I Pagliacci*.

Mrs. Wilmot D. Matthews gives a large tea this afternoon at her residence in St. George street, which will, with Mrs. Mortimer Clark's reception, keep society folks fully occupied between five and seven o'clock.

Mr. Oscar Wenborne will sing at the Art Conference and at home to be held this afternoon at three o'clock by the Ladies' League of School Art in Rosedale school. Hon. G. W. Ross is to take the chair, and Professor Mavor, Mr. Inspector Hughes and Mr. R. Y. Ellis are to speak.

The Corticelli Home Needlework Company of 50 Richelieu street, St. John's, P.Q., have issued their first quarterly instruction book for 1899. The minutest directions for workers, exquisite designs in flowers, birds, conventional figures and church needlework, with beautiful colored plates, are shown. Directions for laundering embroideries, and papers on work by such authorities as Alice Esdaile, Rosina J. Barrett, Mrs. Caudan Wheeler, Mrs. Barton Wilson, Mrs. Haywood, Mrs. Amalia Smith and Elizabeth Moore Halowell, make this quarterly invaluable to those interested in fancy work.

Dr. and Mrs. W. E. Hamill have taken up their residence at 82 Macdonell avenue, Parkdale. Mrs. Hamill receives as formerly, the first and third Mondays of the month.

Mademoiselle Clem Vanden Broeck, the Belgian artist, is in Canada visiting her friends, the Blackburns, in Glencoe. It is hoped she will come to Toronto soon.

Many hearty good wishes went with Mr. Pier Delasco, who left last week for Genoa for a long stay. His friends trust he may soon recover in balmy Italy.

Miss Mowat did not hold her Thursday reception this week, as Thanksgiving Day fell on that date.

Mrs. Robert Myles gives a tea next Thursday afternoon. In this home, also, a young daughter is an attraction, and a very sweet and winning girl is she, most popular with her many friends.

Mrs. R. A. Grant has given a couple of teas this week, on Tuesday for young folks, and on Wednesday to her married friends. Her popular guest and sister, Miss Hunter of Durham, assisted at both events, which were most enjoyable.

Next Thursday is Trinity's night, when the Athletic Association give their annual dance.

Which are the prettier, the girls of the West or the East? asked a man at a tea this week. A conflicting testimony very much puzzled him, a stranger in Toronto, and not familiar with our plenteous of belles.

What the Boy's Mother Said.

Tell-Bits.

A lad in one of the London Board schools was recently found guilty of a serious infraction of discipline, and was directed by his teacher to tell his mother when he got home what misdemeanor he had committed.

The next morning the schoolmistress called Johnnie to her desk, when the following dialogue ensued:

Will positively destroy dandruff, keep the hair nice and stop any itching sensation of the scalp, because it is an antiseptic soap. It will leave the hair luxuriously beautiful and will destroy any microscopic insect that might be feeding at the roots of the hair and give it nourishment instead.

Wash your hands and face once with it and see how beautiful it leaves the skin, then ask for

**Baker's Dandruff Shampoo Soap**

ALL SUGGESTIONS—25c.

MANUEL J. BAKER & CO.

MANUFACTURERS

"Well, Master Johnnie, did you inform your mother what infraction of discipline you were guilty of yesterday, and the reprimand and punishment you received?"

"Yes'm," was the sententious reply. "Well, and what did your mother say?"

"She said she'd like to wring your neck for you."

No more discipline reports have been sent home to that mother.

Girl Graduate (amazed)—Heavens! Jack, what appetite for study and Mamie have! Seventeen dollars for supper! Jack (imitating champagne cork pop)—Yes, girlie, and we were thirsty, too!

A boy of fifteen thinks he is too old to run errands, but after he is twenty-five and married, he begins again.—*Atchison Globe*.

ST. ANDREW'S SOCIETY

The 62nd Anniversary will be celebrated by a

Grand Ball at the Pavilion

ON THE EVENING OF

ST. ANDREW'S DAY, 30th NOVEMBER, '98

HONORARY COMMITTEE:

His Honor Lieut.-Governor The Hon. Sir

Oliver Mowat, K.C.M.G., Hon. G. W. Allan,

Hon. William Proudfoot, Hon. James Mac-

lellan, Hon. G. W. Ross, William Christie,

Esq., J. W. Lamour, Esq., Donald Mackay,

Esq., Dr. Andrew Smith, J. Ross Robertson,

Esq., M.P., A. H. Campbell, Esq.,

G. R. COCKBURN, Esq., President,

MAJOR D. M. ROBERTSON,

Secretary Ball Committee.

MASSEY MUSIC HALL

FESTIVAL CHORUS F. H. TORRINGTON,

CONDUCTOR

MESSIAH

Thursday, 15th December

MLLE. TREBELL, - SOPRANO

TICKETS, 25 and 50 CENTS

Subscription books at Mason & Risch, Nord-

heimer's, Heintzman & Co., 117 King St. West,

Gourlay, Winter & Leeming.

DO NOT FORGET

WE GIVE

TRADING

STAMPS

ROSSIN HOUSE

Grocery

Tel. 74

HENRY A. TAYLOR

DRAPER

SPECIALTIES—DRESS SUITS—

TUXEDOS, INVERNESS—FOR

EVENING WEAR.

THE ROSSIN BLOCK

Let Our Skill

In Fancy Ices

Help you when you entertain. We

make some pleasing novelties that

are especially artistic in appearance

and fit to suit the most cap-

ricious taste. We will so be entire-

ly catering for any function, to your

complete satisfaction.

Why not consult us?

Caterer and Confectioner

719 Yonge St. Tel. 3423

OFFICE TO LET

IN

"Saturday Night" Building

Suitable for any business or profession. Apply

to Secretary-Treasurer.

THE SHEPPARD PUBLISHING CO.

Limited.

## GRAND OPERA HOUSE

THREE NIGHTS

Commencing

MONDAY November 28

Matinee Wednesday

MR. A. S. HARRIS, LONDON (ENG.),

PRESENTS

The Royal Italian

Grand Opera

Company

Finest Musical Organization in America

and the only Grand Opera Company

on the Continent.

The Programme for the engagement

is as follows:

Monday Night - IL TROVATORE

Tuesday Night - FAUST

Wednesday Matinee -

LUCIA di LAMMERMOOR

Wednesday Night (Double Bill)

CAVALLERIA RUSTICANA

and I PAGLIACCI

PRESENTED WITH

Full Orchestra and Mag-

nificent Costuming

PRINCESS

Fourteenth Week | Matinees Every Day

Beginning ...

MONDAY MATINEE Nov. 28

Hoodman

Blind

WILSON BARRETT'S GREAT PLAY

WILL BE PRESENTED BY

The

Cummings

Stock

Company

This fine play will be hand-

somely staged and one of the

most important productions of

the season.

PRICES AS USUAL

THE

CLOTHES

PRESSING Co.

OF TORONTO

LIMITED.

YOU'RE A LONG TIME DEAD

Don't spend your life attending to your clothes. We keep men to do it for you.

23 JORDAN STREET

(Telephone 8088)

Boys' Clothing

If it's worthy it's here:

If it's here it's worthy:

Suits or Reefers, sizes 22 to 27

\$3.00 TO \$6.00

Suits or Reefers, sizes 28 to 33

\$3.50 TO \$8.50

Oak Hall, Clothiers

115 to 121 King St.

East, Toronto

FROM INDIA AND CEYLON...

"TETLEY'S TEAS PLEASE"

For Guests

If you want a really fine, full

flavored, rich "bodied" tea, to

offer your guests, or for the

family circle, get

"Tetley's TEAS"

Elephant Brand—of course the

more expensive grades are best

—but all are good pure tea, and

whether you get the 40c., 50c.,

60c., 70c. or \$1. per lb. grades

any of them are

BEST OF TEA VALUES

Sold at above prices by all good grocers, in ½ & 1 lb. air tight lead packets.

Always Pure, Always Fresh.

Can't Play a Note?

If you only knew it, you can play as well as anyone. Here's the Stella

Music Box with SMOOTH METALLIC TUNE SHEETS playing

thousands of tunes.

Stella

Music

Boxes

have been sold for years

in the great American

and Continental cities

and are the favorites

everywhere. They are

SWEETEST IN TONE

and BEST IN QUALITY.

Stella Boxes have

smooth, metallic tune

sheets. Stella tune sheets

HAVE NO PINS OR

PROJECTIONS TO

BREAK OFF, are inde-

structible and can be

operated by a child.

Tunes cost only 30, 45

or 60 cents.

AS A XMAS GIFT NOTHING BETTER

Call and hear them.

Send for Catalogue and Price List.

Gourlay, Winter & Leeming

188 YONGE STREET, TORONTO

THE

CLOTHES

PRESSING Co.

OF TORONTO

LIMITED.

YOU'RE A LONG TIME DEAD

Don't spend your life attending to your clothes. We keep men to do it for you.

23 JORDAN STREET

(Telephone 8088)

Boys' Clothing

If it's worthy it's here:

If it's here it's worthy:

Suits or Reefers, sizes 22 to 27

\$3.00 TO \$6.00

Suits or Reefers, sizes 28 to 33

\$3.50 TO \$8.50

Oak Hall, Clothiers

115 to 121 King St.

East, Toronto

FROM INDIA AND CEYLON...

"TETLEY'S TEAS PLEASE"

For Guests

If you want a really fine, full

flavored, rich "bodied" tea, to

offer your guests, or for the

family circle, get

"Tetley's TEAS"

Elephant Brand—of course the

more expensive grades are best

—but all are good pure tea, and

whether you get the 40c., 50c.,

60c., 70c. or \$1. per lb. grades

any of them are

BEST OF TEA VALUES

Sold at above prices by all good grocers, in ½ & 1 lb. air tight lead packets.

Always Pure, Always Fresh.

Can't Play a Note?

If you only knew it, you can play as well as anyone. Here's the Stella

Music Box with SMOOTH METALLIC TUNE SHEETS playing

thousands of tunes.

Stella

Music

Boxes

have been sold for years

in the great American

and Continental cities

and are the favorites

everywhere. They are

SWEETEST IN TONE

and BEST IN QUALITY.

Stella Boxes have

smooth, metallic tune

sheets. Stella tune sheets

HAVE NO PINS OR

PROJECTIONS TO

BREAK OFF, are inde-

structible and can be

operated by a child.

Tunes cost only 30, 45



**A Good Night's Rest**  
is ensured if you sleep on a **HERCULES WIRE BED**

Positively they are the best beds made in Canada, and outside of this same make, in the world. Prices as low as the common kinds. Manufactured in Canada by the **Gold Medal Furniture Mfg. Co.** Two large factories.

#### Social and Personal.

Miss Ella Lambly, a clever young ecologist of this city, took part in a concert at Oshawa on Tuesday night, where she made quite a happy impression. She is undoubtedly possessed of talent in this direction.

The Christmas sale referred to in these columns last week is in full swing at Confederation Life Building, and on Wednesday the president, Miss Hoskin, and the vice-president, Mrs. Falconbridge, had a lovely five o'clock tea from half-past four to seven o'clock.

Knox College annual At Home on the tenth will, as usual, be of interest to a very large circle of friends of the college.

Miss Labatt of London is visiting Lady Meredith at her home in Lampart avenue, Rosedale.

#### A Nova Scotia Farmer

**Tells How He Was Cured of Salt Rheum.**

**His Fingers, Hands and Wrists Were a Mass of Cracks and Sores, by Reason of Which He Was Unable to Work.**

To the Editor of the Enterprise:

I have read from week to week in your paper, testimonials from those who have been cured through using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and as I have experienced much benefit from the use of that medicine, I believe it my duty to let others know they can be relieved from a very painful malady. I am now seventy-five years of age, and am at the present time, and in fact ever since I took a course of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills about two years ago, have been enjoying excellent health. Before that time I had been ailing for some months. Finally I was attacked with salt rheum, which came out mostly on my hands. It was not long after its first appearance before I was unable to do any work at all with my hands. I resorted to all the domestic cures I could hear of, but the disease kept on its course, getting worse and worse, until the palms of my hands and my fingers were a mass of cracks, open sores and hideous scabs. I then got medicine from the doctor, which I used for several weeks, with no benefit whatever—my hands still becoming more and more crippled with the disease. My general health, too, at this time was poor and I got discouraged altogether, believing there was no help for the terrible complaint that was gradually spreading over my hands and up my wrists towards my arms. It happened one day in conversation with an acquaintance that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills were mentioned in connection with some other case in the neighborhood, and it was suggested that I try them for salt rheum. I had not much faith in the trial, but concluded to get a box and see what good they might do. To my great delight, after using the box I found an improvement in the condition of my hands and I got six boxes more. I did not use all these, for before they were gone the disease had vanished and my hands were as sound as ever. The new skin came on as smooth and fresh as if nothing had been the matter. I took no other medicine while using the pills and the whole praise of the cure is due to them. My general health was also greatly benefited by their use, and I attended to my work with more energy and in better spirits than I had done for a number of years. I have been in excellent health ever since for a man of my years, and no sign of salt rheum has since appeared. The box or two of Pink Pills which I left unused were taken by my wife and did her much good. I cannot speak too highly of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and am pleased to give my testimony to their merit, hoping others may thereby be induced to use them in cases like my own.

HENRY CHESLEY.

The editor of the Enterprise can add that Mr. Chesley is a representative farmer living about three miles from the town of Bridgewater, N.S., and the utmost reliance can be placed on his statement.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills create new blood and in this way drive disease from the system. A fair trial will convince the most skeptical. Sold only in boxes the wrapper around which bears the full trade mark, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." If your dealer does not have them they will be sent post paid at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

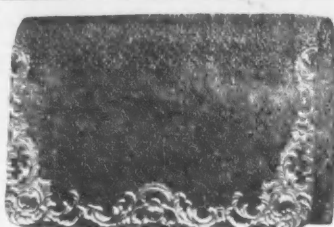
#### The Cradle, Altar and the Tomb.

##### Births.

ARNOLD—On Sunday, Nov. 20th, at 128 College street, the wife of H. C. Arnold, of a daughter.  
DOUGLAS—Nov. 20, Mrs. J. R. Douglas—of a daughter.  
BROWN—Nov. 16, Mrs. W. G. Brown—of a son.

##### Marriages.

BROWN—ELLIOTT—Nov. 22, Charles Wilfred Brown to Edith Elliott.  
BOND—NEWTON—On Thursday, November 17, at All Saints' church, by Rev. Arthur Baldwin, C. H. A. Bond to Mary Louise, daughter of Mr. James Newton.  
WARNER—WEBB—Nov. 21, Albert F. Warner to Carrie Louise Webb.  
SHANKEL—SHANK—Lockport, N.Y., Nov. 15, J. Wilford Shankel to Sue H. Shank.  
DAVENPORT—ANDERSON—Angus, Sept. 20,



## Gifts...

...OF...

### Fine Leather Goods

ARE ALWAYS IN GOOD TASTE

We have a most tempting array of everything that is new and novel.

#### Purses

#### Card Cases

#### Pocket Books

#### Shopping Bags

#### Memorandums

#### Ticket Holders

Our display is most complete and the leathers, finish and designs are of the newest.

OUR 64 PAGE

## Illustrated Catalogue

FINE TRAVELING AND LEATHER GOODS

MAILED FREE

Will aid you in choosing. Articles delivered, charges prepaid, to any point in Ontario.

## The JULIAN SALE LEATHER GOODS CO.

LIMITED

TEL. 233 105 KING ST. WEST, TORONTO

Makers of Fine Traveling and Leather Goods



MADAME ALBANI

"Excels Any Piano I Have Ever Used."

It will be granted that we have reason to be proud of these words of praise from an artist of the high eminence of Madame Albani, the celebrated soprano. Expressed at length Madame Albani's opinion of the Heintzman & Co. piano is as follows:

"I write to tell you what pleasure and satisfaction have come to me in the use of your Concert Grand pianos in our Canadian tour. An artist must necessarily rest in no small degree on the instrument used in her public entertainments, and only complete success will come in having an instrument that responds instantly to every demand made upon it. This is where satisfaction has come in the use of your pianofortes. The tone is delightful, the elasticity of action marvelous—every note ringing out in clear, pearly and limpid quality. I must also thank you for the beautiful Upright piano which you sent to my parlor during my stay in Toronto. I am informed that the piano contains the latest patent of Mr. Heintzman, namely, the agraffe bridge. I can say that with this improvement the Heintzman & Co. Upright piano excels any piano I have ever used."

HEINTZMAN & CO., 117 King Street West, Toronto



## DOMINION BREWERY CO.

LIMITED

BREWERS AND MALSTERS

Manufacturers of the Celebrated

WHITE LABEL JUBILEE and INDIA PALE... ALES

The above brands are the genuine extract of Malt and Hops.



Joseph Davenport to Elizabeth Bruce Anderson.

#### Deaths.

DEWSON—Nov. 16, Thomas Dewson, aged 65.  
DAMUDE—Nov. 18, M. C. Damude.  
RENNIE—Nov. 18, Agnes Rennie.  
BALL—Nov. 16, Elizabeth Ball, aged 53.  
McFARREN—Nov. 18, A. McFarren, sr., aged 68.  
FRINT—Nov. 18, Mary Fint, aged 74.  
HUBBARD—Nov. 20, A. I. Hubbard, jr., aged 37.  
FALCONER—Nov. 21, Fanny E. Falconer.  
SMITH—Nov. 20, Hugh Harvey Smith.

#### J. YOUNG

(ALEX. MILLARD)

The Leading Undertakers and Embalmers

359 YONGE ST. TELEPHONE 679

## CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

CANADA'S COLOSSAL CONCERN

The Canadian Pacific Railway and Steamship Lines comprise a mileage of over 23,000. They almost circle the Globe.

They were constructed to be large. The great feature of the lines predominate in every detail of their operation.

Whether making a trip of 5 or 25,000 miles, the Canadian Pacific can comfortably accommodate you.

C. E. McPHERSON, A.G.P.A., 1 King St. East, TORONTO.

## GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

AND

## LEHIGH VALLEY RAILWAY SYSTEM

Toronto to Buffalo

AND

## New York

BLACK DIAMOND EXPRESS

leaves Toronto 9 a.m., arriving Buffalo 12 noon, connecting with BLACK DIAMOND EXPRESS for New York, arriving 9:38 p.m. Train leaving Toronto at 6 p.m. is solid vestibuled train for Buffalo and New York and has Pullman car through to New York, arriving 9:12 a.m. Tickets and all information at Toronto offices.

J. W. RYDER, C.P. and T.A., 1 King Street West, corner of Yonge Street, Union Station and South Parkdale.

M. C. DICKSON, D.P.A.

## Cut Glass and Silver...

Our large and elegant stock includes many handsome pieces which cannot be had elsewhere. They are particularly suited for holiday gifts and our low prices bring them within the reach of all.

SGHEUER'S

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

100 YONGE ST. JEWELLER

# DESTROYED BY FIRE!

To prevent the possibility of a single Trading Stamp being issued that is not good, all Trading Stamps that have been redeemed are cancelled and destroyed by fire.

You need not examine a Blue Trading Stamp to find a number or mark upon it before knowing whether it is good or not.



## Blue Trading Stamps are Always Good No Matter Where Issued, Collected or Presented.

Nearly 2,000 shrewd, enterprising merchants, and over 200,000 intelligent, prudent and economical buyers have tried and proved "That to secure justice to the cash buyers of Canada, whether rich or poor, or their purchases large or small, no fairer, simpler or more popular system was ever devised."

**SUCCESS GIVES TRENGTH AND SECURITY**

No Goods Sold All Showrooms Open to the Public Stamp Books Free in all Showrooms

Toronto—220 Yonge St. Tel. 8225

London—206 Dundas St.

Brantford—148 Colborne St.

Ottawa—Sun Life Building

Hamilton—Peterborough—Belleville—Brampton

Kingston—179 Wellington St.

Brockville—King St.

St. Catharines—54 St. Paul St.

Woodstock—Opera House Block

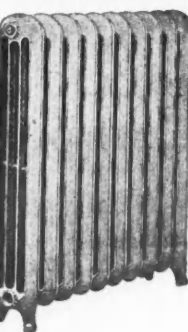
## Dominion Trading Stamp Co.

HEAD OFFICE:

Tel. 8225

220 Yonge Street, Toronto

## Our Christmas Number in strong tubes Price 50c.



## Heating Apparatus for Winter Weather

Every desirable attribute combined in one general whole—that best describes the Radiator of confidence; the one folks know for what it is—Radiator perfection, The "Safford."

Without bolts, rods or packing in a single pipe connection—absolutely unbreakable, screw-threaded nipple connections, that's why.

You get perfect and free circulation one minute after the heat is turned on—guaranteed by the largest Radiator makers under the British Flag.

Handsome as a Radiator CAN be—light, yet very strong—made in twenty-five different styles—it fits circles, corners, angles.

Made by...

## The Safford Radiators

The Dominion Radiator Co., Limited  
TORONTO, ONT.